

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

A Word Of Praise

LET us, on this Christmas Eve, praise and give thanks to the Colony's postal workers. The community has good reason to feel indebted. Few other cities with a comparable population could point to a post office organization successfully handling three million items in the space of ten days. It is a remarkable achievement.

But it could only have been accomplished by first-rate organizing backed up by loyal and highly efficient work on the part of all postal employees functioning at all levels. Postmaster-General Suville paid a generous but wholly deserving tribute when he declared "I am proud of my staff and the work they have carried out this Christmas." The public warmly associates itself with that sentiment.

It is exciting to be told that Christmas mail postings have broken all Hongkong records; that in one day more than half a million items were handled in our post offices; that during a 10-day period ending on Thursday the postal department handled 1,331 bags of air mail, 7,857 bags of surface letter mail, 3,450 bags of parcel mail. It is fascinating to learn that in four successive days more than a ton of mail was received and despatched at local post offices.

But it also tells us that the spirit of Christmas in Hongkong, far from diminishing, is increasing. It is a good sign, and one to be welcomed. For while it means extra heavy burdens on all those employed in the post offices, it also demonstrates that Christmas has a meaning for a growing number of people in Hongkong which they are anxious to share with others.

It is the thought behind the Christmas card and the seasonal letter which matters, and even if they are not followed by an exchange of regular correspondence they have achieved something—brought together, if fleetingly, the thoughts of people who might not otherwise have shown any consciousness of each other's existence.

Which is the real reason for appreciating the work of the post office at this time. Without its superb organization there could be no wide exchange of Christmas greetings and wishes.

CAMBODIA-VIETNAM

No White Christmas For Europe

London, Dec. 23. Prospects for a white Christmas were not bright in most of Europe today with only Sweden and some mountain areas covered with snow.

The heaviest snowfall since 1934 has disrupted road services in Sweden, holding up mail deliveries and delaying crowds moving homewards for the holiday.

Helicopters were being used to carry postmen to tens of thousands of small islands round Sweden's coasts, and planes and furniture vans were carrying mail from Stockholm to other cities and villages.

Reuter correspondents in other European centres reported:

DAMP AND MILD

Paris: Christmas weather in Paris was expected to be damp.

Bonn: Mild weather settled on West Germany. Only the highest slopes of the forest were expected to provide fair skiing conditions.

Berne: Temperature rose today in Switzerland, bringing mist and rain—and gloomy prospect for winter sports at Christmas except on the highest slopes.

Rome: Snow fell today in the mountains of south Italy. Many Alpine winter sports resorts reported much snow.

Brussels: Rain is expected all over Belgium on Christmas Eve and may continue over Christmas Day.—Reuter.

SHIP AGROUND

Oslo, Dec. 23.

A British ship ran aground and sank off the coast of northern Norway tonight, and it is feared that 11 men were killed.

A Norwegian coastal ship answered the trawler's distress signal and plucked 12 men from the cold Arctic Sea. Two bodies were recovered and nine other crewmen were missing and feared dead.

The trawler Prince Charles was reported moving through a heavy snowstorm when it went aground on a tiny rock called Karkken Island off the frozen Finnmark coast of Norway.—United Press.

State Of Siege Extended

Rio de Janeiro, Dec. 23.

Brazil's acting President, Senhor Nereu Ramos today signed a decree extending the state of siege for another 30 days.

The state of siege, restricting civil liberties, was imposed following the second of last month's military coup.—Reuter.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5 The man who abolished Christmas, by Felix Barker; Jet age doctors find new perils to pilots by Arthur Brenard; Giles.

P. 6 Pilgrims crowd into Bethlehem, by Monica Dehn; How to dodge a 5 o'clock shadow.

P. 7 This Mr Marshall also has a plan, by Les Armour.

P. 8 When women did the talking, by Amanda Marshall.

P. 13 Courtesy is not dead, but there are bad influences, says Sir Beverley Baxter.

P. 16 & 17 Local and overseas sports review.

Put Poison In Wine Vats Allegation

Albi, France, Dec. 23.

A 62-year-old woman put arsenic compound in vats of wine to poison her son-in-law—and made 11 people ill in the process, police said today.

They included her daughter, her three grandchildren aged between three and six and six farm workers. These all recovered, but the son-in-law, Marius Maurel, 27, was left half paralysed and able to walk only with crutches.

The police said the grandmother, Lucie Mazars, had confessed to poisoning five wine vats in the farm cellar nine months ago after quarrels at Maurel's farm near here.

They alleged that she did not poison the vat then in use calculating that the vat would last until she and her husband moved.

When one of the farm workers suspected the wine of being the cause of the illness, a doctor examined Maurel and his wife and diagnosed arsenic poisoning. Police opened an investigation which led to the arrest of Lucie Mazars.

Mazars was later charged with administering poison with intent to kill. This offence has a maximum punishment of death.—China Mail Special.

Rebel Chief Surrenders

Batna, Algeria, Dec. 23.

An important Algerian rebel commander, Kerbadou All Mekel, surrendered to the French army last Tuesday, it was announced today.

His surrender was viewed as a clear indication of internal disputes among terrorist bands operating in the mountain regions of Eastern Algeria.

A notorious rebel leader, Si All Bachir, was recently assassinated by a rival rebel band. Kerbadou was said to have surrendered because he was afraid of suffering the same fate.

Kerbadou was the rebel commander in the Djebel Chechar, an extensive zone in south-eastern Algeria between the Aurès and Nememthas mountains.—France-Press.

TENSION
Troops Sent To Frontier

Pnom Penh, Cambodia, Dec. 23.

Cambodia accused Vietnam today of violating her territory and warned she would take "all necessary military measures" of defence.

Informal sources said Cambodia was sending troop reinforcements to the frontier.

A Pnom Penh radio broadcast revealed the new but potentially dangerous tension between the two American-backed Governments of Cambodian Prince Premier Norodom Sihanouk and South Vietnamese President-Premier Ngo Dinh Diem.

Up to now both Governments have joined the fighting against infiltrations from Communist North Vietnam.

ISLAND INVADED

The broadcast charged that 25 South Vietnamese soldiers from the 50-mile-long island of Phu Quoc invaded the tiny Cambodian islands of Koh Thmey and Koh Ses on Nov. 1.

They have since been spreading word that the islands are about to be annexed by South Vietnam, the broadcast said.

It added that during the night of Nov. 29-30 a heavily armed Vietnamese patrol boat stopped and searched a fleet of Cambodian fishing boats five kilometres south of Kep, a Cambodian port 18 kilometres west of the South Vietnamese frontier.

The Vietnamese held the Cambodian fishermen all night and fined them 350 rials (US\$20) for alleged violation of South Vietnamese waters, the broadcast said.—United Press.

The Soft Answer That Turneth Away Wrath

—Washington, Dec. 23.

There is little doubt that the American State Department will reply to the Indian note dated December 13, asking for clarification of the American Government's attitude regarding Goa.

The reply, according to generally well-informed American sources, will be drafted in moderate terms. The United States do not want to envenom the present controversy between India and Portugal over a territory that for 400 years has been under Portuguese administration, and that India now claims for her own.

The Indian note resulted from the joint American-Portuguese communiqué issued after the talks between the American Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, and the Portuguese Foreign Minister, Dr Paulo Cunha, in which allusion was made to the "Portuguese Provinces in the Far East."

It will point out that on both occasions Mr Dulles did not go to the root of the matter.

The State Department will at the same time state in general terms that the United States remains as strongly opposed as ever to all forms of colonialism.—France-Press.

REVOLUTIONARY PLANE

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Dec. 23.

A wingless, tailless plane, which will travel faster than sound, is being built for the United States Navy research department, it was revealed today.

The plane's designer, Dr A. M. Lippisch, creator of the Delta Wing aircraft and the Messerschmitt 163, today described the Aerodyne, the name given to the new plane.

The Aerodyne is in fact simply a jet-propelled fuselage, capable of vertical landing and take off by deflection of the thrust of the plane's powerful jet engines.—France-Press.

Reference will also be made, it is believed, to Mr Dulles' comments on the Soviet leaders' remarks during their recent trip in India and Burma, which, according to Mr Dulles, would tend to encourage a recourse to force for the settlement of the question.

It is believed that the Indian Government has pointed out, in diplomatic language that if it is a question of not having recourse to violence, India does not need anyone's advice.

The United States diplomats here thought today, will reply with the greatest reserve.

The Season's Greetings

The Editor and staff of the China Mail join in wishing readers a very happy Christmas and a peaceful and prosperous New Year.

Floods A Major Disaster

"Blank Cheque" For Assistance

Washington, Dec. 23.

President Eisenhower today declared the California floods to be a major disaster and authorised what the White House called "blank cheque" financial assistance for the stricken area.

Rain-swollen rivers today broke their banks in three western American states to engulf whole towns and villages and claim at least 12 deaths in the worst flood disaster in years.

A telegram sent by the President's deputy assistant, Mr Wilton Persons, to the Governor of California, Mr Goodwin Knight, said: "The President has asked me to express his deep concern with the hardship and suffering caused the people of your state by these floods."

TEAMS ALERTED

The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr Ezra Benson, offered food supplies to the Californian authorities and the army alerted emergency teams.

Dozens of houses were carried away, some with screaming people hanging from the windows.

Helicopters flew over the flooded area plucking people from rooftops.

The torrential rains which caused the floods were showing no signs of abating. They were described as the worst in a hundred years.—Reuter.

Two More Train Accidents

London, Dec. 23.

The astonishing spate of railway accidents in Britain continues. Six people were taken to hospital today after the London to Basingstoke (Hampshire) train crashed into the back of a stationary goods train near Woking (Surrey).

A coach of the London-Bristol express caught fire this afternoon. There were no casualties in the last month, over 20 people were killed in railway accidents in Britain.—France-Press.

CANCEL STRIKE

London, Dec. 23.

London tugmen agreed today to cancel a strike notice threatening a shipping holdup in the River Thames from New Year's Day.

They accepted slight bonus earnings increases and decided to continue on January 3, joint discussions with cargo owners regarding their claims for a 44-hour week and other improved conditions.—Reuter.

ALL A QUESTION OF AGE

Pretty Conundrum For An American Judge

Philadelphia, Dec. 23.

The Government and counsel for a naturalised Chinese-American prepared briefs today to aid a Federal Judge determine if a Chinese boy had passed his 21st birthday when his father sought to bring him from China to the United States.

Judge John W. Lord, Jr., ordered the briefs submitted next Thursday after conducting a hearing on the case yesterday.

Frank Woo, a naturalised citizen and owner of a local Chinese restaurant, asked the court to reverse the ruling of the Immigration and Naturalisation Service barring the entry of his son, Suk Chee.

The Service based its decision on the grounds that the boy was past the age of 21, and thereby ineligible, when his father sought to bring him here to finish his education. Woo claimed the boy was not yet 21 at the time.

HK EVIDENCE

At the hearing, the Government presented the testimony of two Hongkong physicians who examined the son and said he was between 21 and 23.

The next publication of the China Mail will be on Tuesday, December 27. This issue will be on the streets in the morning, and will contain, in addition to the news of the day, racing selections by both the China Mail and South China Morning Post, for Tuesday's Happy Valley meeting.

The South China Morning Post will publish its next issue on Wednesday, December 28. The Sunday Post-Herald will publish as usual tomorrow.

John E. Naulty, counsel for Woo, however, presented an opinion from Dr Hilton M. Krogman, chairman of the Department of Anthropology of the University of Pennsylvania, who said 18 X-ray photographs of the boy's skull showed his maximum age at 20 years and six months when his entry was barred.

Woo, using a Chinese and Gregorian calendar for cross tabulation, testified his son was born on Dec. 13, 1934, without an attending physician.

He said the boy, two other children and his wife live in China on the money he sends them.—United Press.

Mr. New York, Dec. 23. India's chief delegate to the United Nations, in ill with appendicitis. Doctors are deciding whether to operate.

Mr Menon led the Indian delegation to the United Nations General Assembly which adjourned last Tuesday. He had originally intended to leave New York by air on Thursday to return to New Delhi by way of London.—Reuter.

MR MENON HAS APPENDICITIS

WINE

for the connoisseur...

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KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 and 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY

Dean and Jerry are cutting up on the campus!



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S At 11.30 a.m. Disney's Techn. Feature Cartoon "PETER PAN"
PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m. Techn. Cartoon "JOHNNY THE GIANT KILLER" & Free 4 Cows Milk
EMPIRE At 11.00 a.m. Paramount Techn. Cartoons "POPEYE THE SAILOR" etc.
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50 40c, 70c, \$1.00

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW AT 12.10 P.M.

Kwatra Art Production present an Indian film of dances, songs, mirth & fantasy

"TIS MAR KHAN"

Starring: Agha & Shyama, with Sundor, Roop Mala, Madan Puri, Gulnar
With English Subtitles — At Regular Prices

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times: AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

The Tall Men stood tall... fought tall... love tall... and one man towered above them all!



CLARK GABLE JANE RUSSELL ROBERT RYAN
with CAVENDISH MITCHELL CINEMASCOPE color by DE LUKE
THE TALL MEN

ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW, Extra Performance of "THE TALL MEN" At 12.00 Noon
BROADWAY: 5 SHOWS ON MON., 26th & TUES., 27th DEC.
Extra Performance of "THE TALL MEN" At 12.00 Noon

CAPITOL RITZ

Final at 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. SHOWING TO-DAY At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

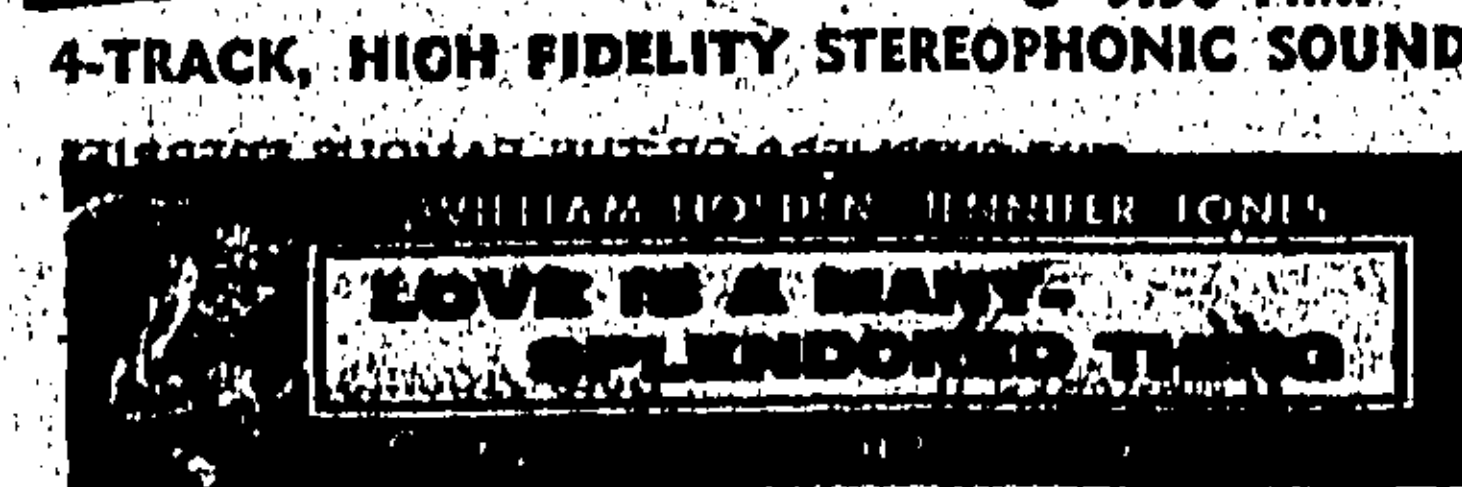


Morning Shows 25th Dec. (Sunday) At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m. "VEILS OF BAGDAD"
To-morrow "SEVEN LITTLE FOYS"

CENTRAL

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW for Holiday Day At 12.30 To-morrow & Monday "THE BLACK KAT" (A Technicolor Cartoon)

FILMS BY JANE ROBERTS

"The Son of Sinbad"

is intended as a joke. Even that veteran exponent of the screen snarl — Vincent Price — is allowed to doff his villain's garb and assume the mantle of the gentle Omar Khayam, replacing the sneer with a smile. There is a certain horrid fascination in hearing the pearls of this philosopher being casually cast at the feet of harem beauties who look as though they have just finished parking their chewing gum behind the nearest property palm tree.

Don't mistake my meaning — without exception, all the girls are lovely and all are delightfully dressed (or perhaps, under dressed would be a truer way of putting it) but I doubt if a word of more than one syllable would even penetrate their ears, let alone their minds. Dale Robertson too exhibits his manly torso at every opportunity and appears to be as intelligent as the girls he pursues. "Son of Sinbad" is a Howard Hughes presentation, however, and as Mr. Hughes' gifts to the world include Jean Harlow, Jane Russell and Faith Domergue, it is obvious that he must know what the public wants.

Spectacle, colour and something to look at all the time, combined with the maximum number of pretty girls the screen can take at one Super-scope view, clad in the minimum necessary to get by the censors, would appear to be the requirements — and they are all there in "Son of Sinbad".

David Niven Is The Villain

"The King's Thief" is to be found at the Hoover and Liberty, and has a predominantly British cast. It's a tale of England in the reign of Charles II.

It is a swashbuckling adventure-romance attributing a lot of actions to one Michael Dalt, out that history has previously credited to a Captain Blood. Complete with beard, moustache, plumed hat and elegant manners, this part is taken by Edmund Purdom.

His lady fair is Ann Blythe, whose American accent seems a little out of place among the more clipped tones of Purdom, David Niven, George Sanders and others.

For once, David Niven is a "heavy", playing the villainous Duke of Brampton who has designs on the throne of England. George Sanders, as Charles II, would not receive very high marks in psychology. He lacks enough perception to realize that although one of his former officers has turned highwayman and has made plans to steal the Crown Jewels, his loyalty should not be questioned, because it is only a roundabout method of gaining an audience with him!

Don't take it all too seriously and you won't be disappointed.

Private Life Of An Air Ace

"Tiger in the Sky" has been written around the life story of an American air ace, Joseph McConiell, who was killed while acting as a test pilot in 1954.

If we are to believe this film as they are presented in the picture, he began by being rather an irresponsible young man without respect for Army discipline, flouting it with such abandon that it is a wonder he ever rose to the rank of corporal, much less captain.

Still, as the traditional idea of a fighter pilot is that he is a devil-may-care fellow with an "eat, drink and be merry" philosophy, it is possible to stretch a point here and accept it as a piece of dramatic licence. After accepting it, it's easy to take sides with this impish young man as he eludes the MP's by balling out of the aircraft in which he is being instructed and roaring off in a "hot rod" that happens so conveniently to be waiting. The boy driving this car takes him home and this is where Romance takes over.

And The Pretty Sister Is

His pretty sister, although disapproving at first, can't resist Alan Ladd. He calls her "Butch," makes his entries and exits through the kitchen window and offhandedly proposes to her at a kitchen table, hardly taking the time to get down to do it. The girl, sumably, is to be married to a wealthy, idle, old man.

The New Films At A Glance SHOWING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "The King's Thief". Another tilt at history, moving up to Charles II's reign this time. A high grade swashbuckler. Ann Blythe, Edmund Purdom, David Niven and George Sanders.
KING'S PRINCESS and EMPIRE: "You're Never Too Young". Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in another of their crazy comedies.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Son of Sinbad". Scantly clad girls, a dashing hero and an Arabian Nights atmosphere is the essence of this picture. Dale Robertson tries hard to be the hero. Vincent Price makes a convincing Omar Khayyam and Lulu St. Cyr, Mari Blanchard and Sally Forrest wear hot weather clothing.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Tiger in the Sky". More American jet aircraft, with the home front provided once again by Jane Allison. The man for whom she keeps the light in the window is Alan Ladd.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Tall Men". A western. Jane Russell, Clark Gable, Robert Ryan and Cameron Mitchell.

COMING

EMPIRE: "Bad Boy". A "Blackboard Jungle" type of picture about juvenile delinquency, starring Audie Murphy.
HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Love Me or Leave Me". The stormy life of singer Ruth Etting and of the gangster who bullied her into becoming a success. Doris Day, James Cagney and Cameron Mitchell.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "To Hell and Back". Actor Audie Murphy was highly decorated during the war for his courage. This picture tells of some of his exploits.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Nana". Emilio Zola's famous story, with Marlene Dietrich as the lady herself.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "A Man Alone". Ray Milland's first shot at directing a picture in which he also stars. A western.
"Not As A Stranger". A man's burning ambition to become a good doctor almost consumes his private life. Robert Mitchum, Olivia de Havilland, Frank Sinatra and Gloria Grahame.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Girl on The Red Velvet Swing". A melodrama based on a true life incident. Ingredients: a show girl, a married man, a jealous new bride who later marries the girl and shoots her former lover. Joan Collins, Ray Milland and Farley Granger.

Pretty sister is that perennial service wife, June Allyson. She must have had so much experience in saying hello with widely devotion and goodbye with bravely and unshed tears, that her own husband must have slight misgivings, when he is being met or sped on his way, that the emotion has been too well rehearsed.

This lying seches in "Tiger in the Sky" easily outweigh the ground action though, and as there are plenty of the former, the film is a winner. The new Saboteur is the real hero of the piece and the photography, backed by the sound track have accomplished the difficult feat of bringing it within touching distance.

I have heard complaints that the sound track is too loud. The noise heightens the reality — the thrill of the "whoosh" of take-off and the roar as the aircraft climb into the sky is not exciting. Far from deceiving it, I could take much more of it and much less of the love scenes between Alan Ladd and June Allyson.

A likable film, and one that I could almost see again if the sentiment were removed.

4,000 Cattle And Three Tall Men

Once again, the Roxy and Broadway have found it not possible to preview their change of programme, so if the advertisements of "The Tall Men" do not lure you to either of these theatres there is nothing I can do to dissuade you from your intention.

CLARK GABLE JANE RUSSELL ROBERT RYAN

THE TALL MEN

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THE TALL MEN

CLARK GABLE JANE RUSSELL ROBERT RYAN

THE TALL MEN

I saw extracts from this picture some time ago when 20th Century Fox were parading some of their forthcoming attractions, and at the time I remember thinking that it looked like being a western on a grand scale with an obviously young Clark Gable and Robert Ryan fighting in the odd moments when they weren't trying to outwit each other in the cattle business, for the favours of Jane Russell.

From the story of the film, it appears that there is a little more to the tale than this.

It is based on a novel by someone called Clay Fisher, who in turn reached back into the pioneering days for his material and came up with the first big cattle drive from Texas to Montana in 1867.

Why They Were Needed

4,000 cattle and 1,000 horses were used in the stampede scene, according to my Press Book, and the director, Raoul Walsh has naively gone on record with the following explanation: "The reason we needed so many was, of course Cinemascope. We wanted to fill the screen with cattle to give an impression of brute force and power, and after tests, we couldn't do it with less."

In spite of their numerical superiority, however, the animals do not steal the whole story. It starts just after the American Civil War, (as so many westerns do), when two trigger-happy brothers ride into the frontier town of Mineral City, Montana.

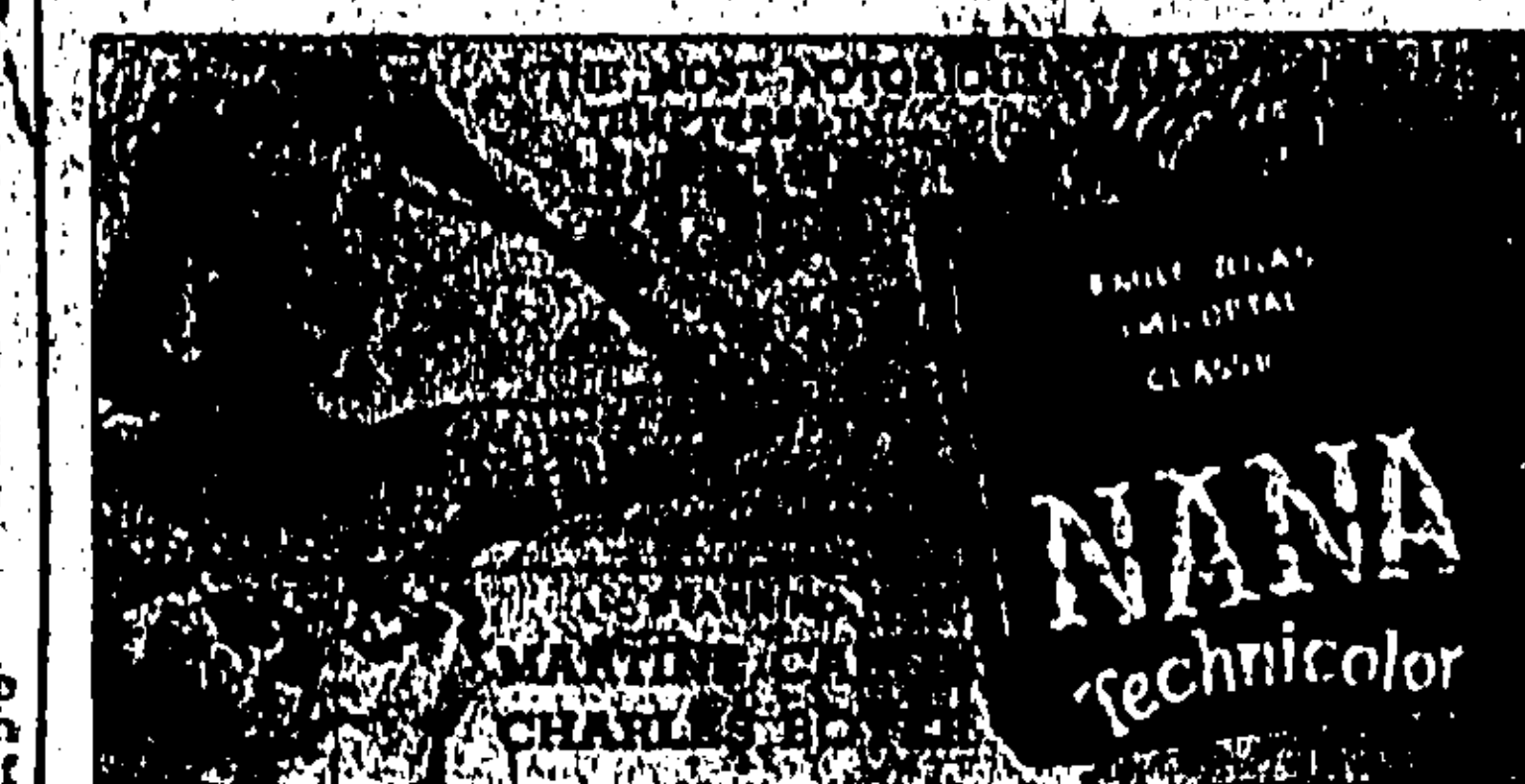
NEW YORK - GREAT WORLD

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30 (NEW YORK AT 5.15 P.M.) 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



NEW YORK Added Attraction at 2.30, 5.15 & 9.30 p.m. "THE RIVAL WORLD" in Eastmancolor First Prize Winner at Venice Film Festival 1955.

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M. "SON OF SINBAD" SUNDAY MATINEE AT 10.00 A.M. NEW YORK: OF THUNDER, CARTOONS GREAT WORLD: Warner Bros. Technicolor Cartoons



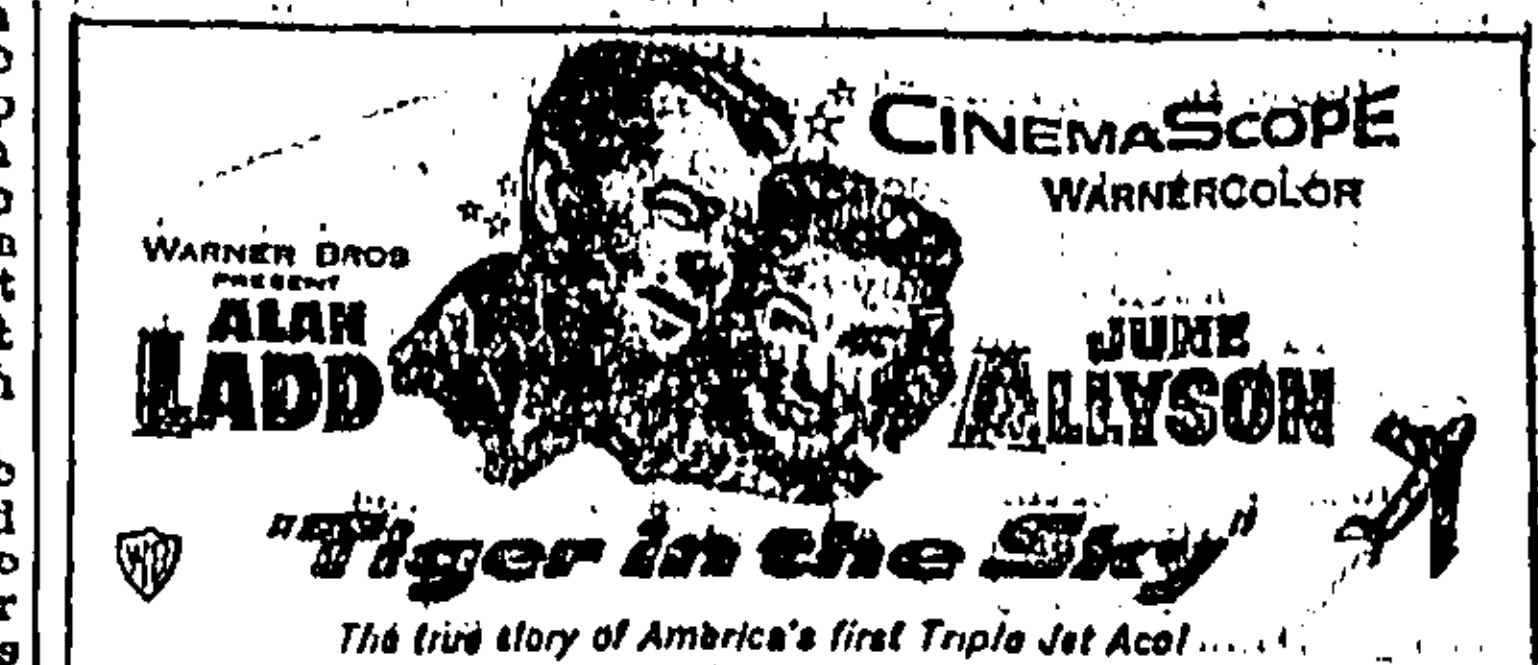
NEW YEAR AT THE QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M. 1.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A 5-Year Lead For Britain

IN THE ATOMS FOR PEACE RACE AGAINST AMERICA

Washington. U.S. atomic officials expect that Britain — and perhaps Russia — will beat America to economic nuclear power by at least five years.

For all they know Russia will have it at about the same time as Britain — in 1960. The United States may get it in 1965. One reason for this, an officer of the Atomic Energy Commission said recently, was that nuclear power had a competitive advantage overseas where coal was far more costly than in America.

Cheap A-Power

Another reason was that "our long-range goal is not only competitive but cheap atomic power."

Half a dozen Atomic Energy Commission officials discussed the U.S. nuclear power program at a seminar for about 250 reporters. Britain's Calder Hall Atomic Plant will begin generating around 100,000 kilowatts of electrical power next July.

Russia says it has a 100,000-kilowatt plant that will begin operating next year.

The United States expects to get its 60,000-kilowatt plant at Shippingport, Pa., started on an experimental basis in 1957.

The British say improved versions of its Calder Hall Plant will be able to compete with coal by 1960. U.S. officials say they are probably right. But no American atomic authority will be able to guess when nuclear power will be economic in America until the Shippingport and other big plants, yet to be built, have been in operation for several years.

So when will atomic power be able to pay its way in America? "If I had to make a guess," one high-ranking AEC official said, "I would say probably on the order of 10 years from now."

New England and other high power cost areas would probably be the first to tap the atom economically.

The Shippingport plant, the first large-scale nuclear power station attempted in the United States, will not be able to repay its \$85,000,000 cost—except as a research operation.

All told, counting this station, private industry has proposed seven atomic power plants under the AEC's power demonstration programme. Whether the other six will actually be built remains to be seen. Paper plans call for their completion at intervals up to 1962.

If all seven plants are built—and we hope they will be," said an AEC official—by 1962 they will be generating 1,000,000 kilowatts of electricity in America.

Apart from the huge research and development costs, borne by the taxpayer, these plants will cost private companies involved about \$350,000,000 and the Government \$60,000,000.

The Government is investigating a number of new atomic furnace ideas, including one which would use liquid organic compounds of the phenol family to replace water and so get higher temperatures and more efficiency at smaller pressures. —United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Hey, Mom! Is there another box of tree decorations? We can't find the angel you used to say looked like us!"

SECRETS OF THE ROYAL KITCHEN

Churchill Was A Hearty Eater

Chicago. The former chef for England's Royal Family said that Sir Winston Churchill was the heartiest eater he remembered at Buckingham Palace.

Rene Roussin, here to act as "guest advisory chef" to a Chicago restaurant, served the late King George from 1937 to 1947 when illness forced him to retire.

The Queen Mother would mention that a "gentleman who likes a lot to eat" was coming to dine. "Then I would know that Mr. Churchill was coming," M. Roussin said. "For Mr. Churchill I would double everything, and often he would ask for a second helping."

One trick, he said, was to stuff one partridge inside of another, so the former Prime Minister would appear to be eating the normal helping.

M. Roussin, now 61, was born in Paris and became an apprentice cook at the age of 12. He worked in various countries

and aboard ocean liners, and cooked for the future King and Queen at a home they visited in North Africa in the '30s. They sent for him to be their chef after the coronation.

He says the present Queen and Princess Margaret used to request his hotted chicken and rice, and were "crazy for any kind of pudding." Their mother liked almost everything, he said, and he "used to watch her calories for her because she didn't pay much attention."



His wife, an English woman, does the cooking in their home. She doesn't cook English style, which he describes as "impossible," or French style—just her own style, and it's good.

M. Roussin would not comment on American cooking because he's always eaten French dishes during his infrequent visits to the United States. But he said he is amazed by the boasts of American menus that food items are "genuine," "high-grade," "fresh," and such. "If something isn't fresh or high-grade, it shouldn't be on the menu," he said.—United Press.

★ An editor's apology for the fact that among the 100 odd pictures of Sir Winston Churchill in our files—taken at various stages in his life between eight and 80 and in almost every posture imaginable—there is not one of him eating. But in the one above he might well be replying to the charge of heavy eating: "Well, there is rather a lot of me, you know."

We trust he will not take exception to our presumption.

Happy Birthday —By Air

Brisbane. Six flights by two small aircraft moved a ton of food inland from Cairns to a homestead near Charters Towers, northern Queensland, for the 21st birthday of Vera Lawrence, daughter of a cattleman.

The planes carried hams, bacon, crabs, oysters, prawns, chickens, and ice cream to feed the 200 guests and an orchestra to entertain them. Some guests travelled thousands of miles to attend the party held under canvas in the homestead grounds.—China Mail Special.

Pelicans To Have Noisy New Year

Kampala, Uganda. A pilot pelican scaring scheme is to be started on Uganda's Lake George, where thousands of storks and pelicans are ravaging the fish population.

Special "banger" machines have been ordered which will let off a bang like a shotgun every 20 seconds for 10 hours after being filled with a couple of handfuls of carbide.

The machines act on the same principle as carbide lamps except that they produce a series of explosions instead of a steady flame.

Their Snack Bar

The Government-sponsored fisheries on Lake George supply the whole of Uganda and parts of Kenya. They take more than 8,000,000 pounds of fish a year from the lake. They would like to make it 9,000,000 pounds, but the pelicans and marlin storks disagree.

The birds are estimated to take about the same weight of fish from the lake as the men. A pelican eats about three tons of fish a year. The fisheries' latest effort to increase the yield is to build a series of ponds where the small fry can be reared. This move has proved highly popular with the birds which regard the ponds as a sort of snack bar.

They decimate the small fry before going on to the main course on the lake. It is on the ponds that the experimental "pelican bangers" will be installed.—United Press.

Locked In Cellar For 15 Years

Athens. A man who was locked in a cellar for 15 years was freed bygendarmes at the village of Lambeth. In the Peloponnese, after the police prefect had received an anonymous letter.

The captive, Spiros Galatopoulos, a retired air force warrant officer aged 51, was unable to stand or speak when he was released. Police said he suffered from a mental illness and was locked up by his relatives.—China Mail Special.

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AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
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20th Century-Fox presents
WILLIAM HOLDEN
JENNIFER HOLLEN-JONES

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENORED THING CINEMASCOPE

TO-MORROW MORNING
SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Rene Deitgen & his circus
in "TROMBA"

At Reduced Prices

HOOVER LIBERTY

—NOW PLAYING—
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

M-G-M presents
The story of a SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE and a stolen love!

IN ROBOURSCOLOR
CINEMASCOPE
WITH PERSPECTIVE STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND

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ANN EDMUND DAVID GEORGE
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ROLEX
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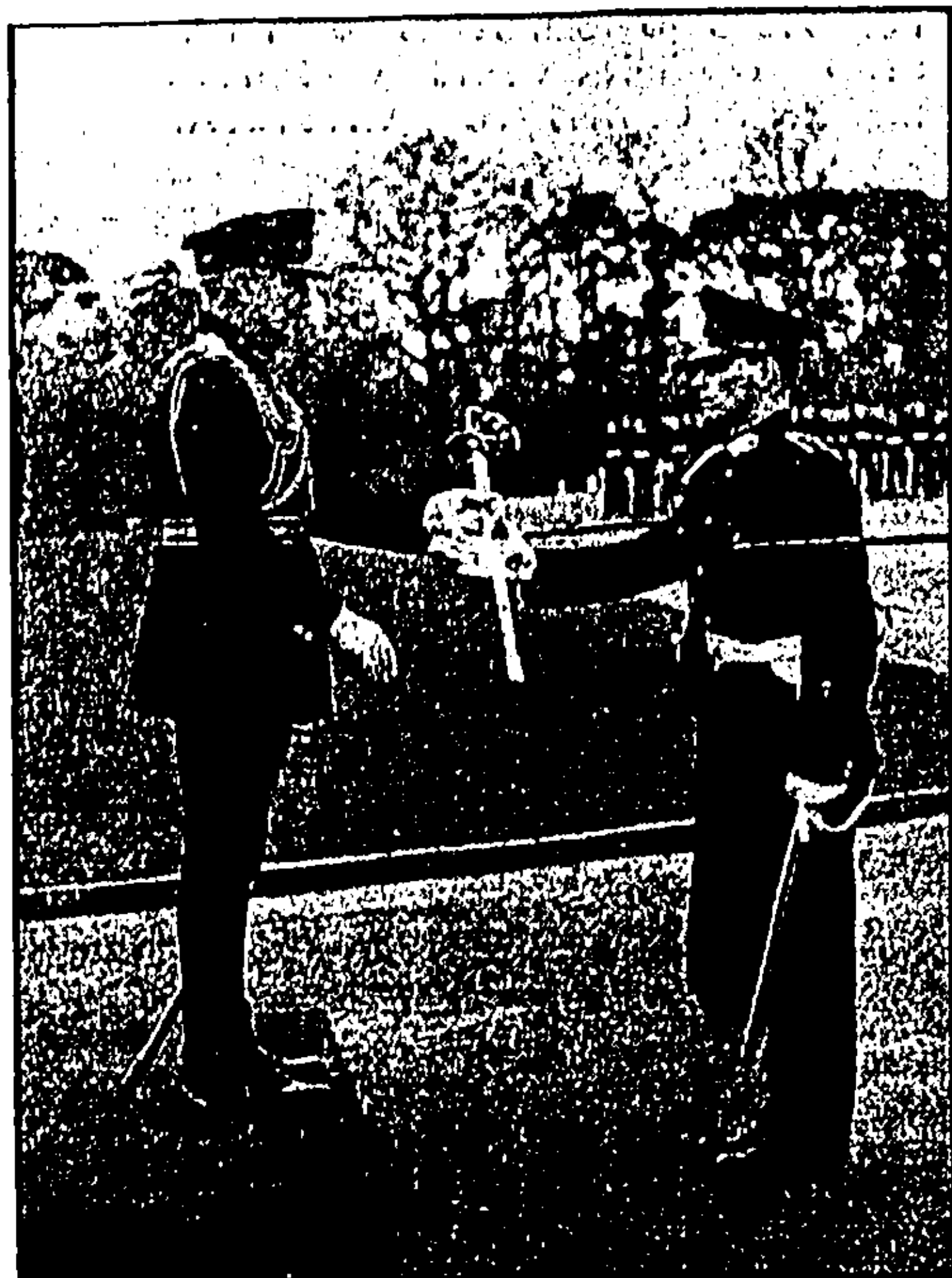
Facts & Figures —

The Swiss Watch Industry During 1953 Produced 33,030,000
WATCH MOVEMENTS. But only 48,628 of these won the
right to the name of CHRONOMETER, of this 48,628, ROLEX pro-
duced 30,555.

Year after year, ROLEX have produced more Officially Certified Chronometers
than any other manufacturer. Altogether, ROLEX have obtained Three out
of Four of all Official Timing Certificates ever awarded to Wrist-Watches.



HER MAJESTY the Queen talking to Colonial students during her visit to the British Council's Residence for Colonial Students in London. The three students on the left are from Nigeria. Fourth from left is Mr Arthur Garcia, of Hongkong, who is studying law in London. (Express)



THE Sovereign's Parade this year at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, was taken by General Sir Cameron Nicholson, who deputised for the CIGS, General Sir Gerald Templer, away in the Middle East for conferences. Gen. Nicholson is here presenting the Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer A. L. Crutchley, who made history by being the first cadet from Rhodesia to receive the award. (Army News)



A hangman's rope was hung in an Ilford church chancel during a Sunday service. The vicar, the Rev. John Wesley Stone, slipped his head into the noose, pulled it tight, and said: "If you had your just deserts now, all of you would have your feet kicking. So would I." He was criticising the death penalty in a sermon at St John's. (Express)



ONE of the largest groups of ships of the Royal Navy ever to go up the Thames has just paid a visit to London. It was made up of 16 coastal and inshore minesweepers from the 222, 104 and 105 Squadrons. Berthed at St Katherine's and the East India Docks, the ships were open to the public. Picture shows the cook of HMS Lutterton gives crew members a preview of the day's dinner. (Army News)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



A workman aloft on scaffolding guides the 58 ft Christmas tree into position in London's Trafalgar Square. The tree, a gift from the people of Norway, has come from Oslo. It is being lit every night until Christmas. (Express)



SOME of those present at a Christmas party at the Players' Theatre, London. From left: crack distance runner Gordon Pirie, ace horsewoman Pat Smythe, yacht designer Uffa Fox and former world cruiserweight boxing champion Freddie Mills. (Express)



BELOW: George Crocker of Middlesex, who has an unusual skill. He's a pig tickler. By stroking pigs near the shoulder he sends them to sleep. He touches a nerve connecting heart and brain. (Express)

BRITAIN'S largest captive carp is in the Aquarium of London's Regents Park Zoo. It weighs 44 lbs. Here it is accepting a snack from Aquarium overseer Fred Akhurst. (Army News)



LIONEL BRITTON, playwright and novelist, who has completed the unfinished manuscript of a comedy left by the late Bernard Shaw. He has sent the play to the Public Trustee, without whose permission it cannot be produced. He says he has tried to make the piece "typically Shavian." (Express)

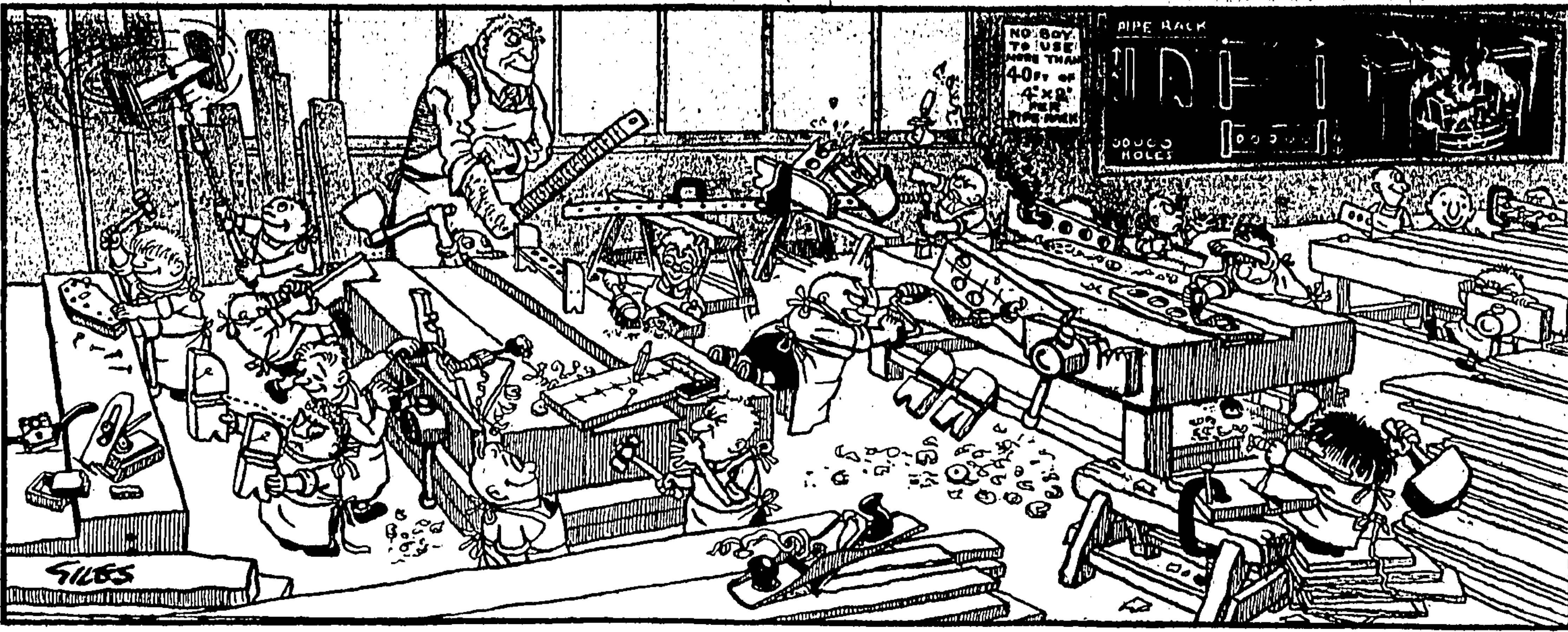


THE new St Colomba's Church of Scotland in Pond Street, Kensington, London, which has been rebuilt on the site of the old church destroyed by German air attacks in 1941, is in the final stages of completion. It contains the second largest organ in Britain. The largest is in the Royal Festival Hall. (Army News)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





"All these millions they're spending on education make these pipe racks come out pretty dear Christmas presents."

London Express Service

THE MAN WHO ABOLISHED CHRISTMAS

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

By Felix Barker

"THE House is thin," observed Colonel Matthews. Sourly he looked round the half-empty benches in Westminster Hall while his fellow Members of Parliament nodded gravely.

"Much," continued the Colonel, "I believe to be occasioned by the observation of this day." He tightened his lips and proposed immediate and harsher legislation.

Another Member rose in support. "I could get no rest all night for the preparation of this foolish day's solemnity," complained Mr. Robinson. "We are, I doubt, returning to Popery."

Yet a third voice was raised in horror. "One may pass from the Tower to Westminster," it intoned, "the House and see not a shop open or a creature stir."

As this was Christmas Day it might seem that empty streets and closed shutters were only to be expected. But this was the year 1650, and as in all other years during the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, to observe December 25 as a holiday was to defy the law.

With a stern stroke of his pen Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector, had abolished Christmas. To set the country an example he had insisted that Parliament should always sit on that day, and this gave added topicality to Colonel Matthews's proposals of heavier penalties on those who flew in the face of the law.

'No Revelry'
CHRISTMAS had gone with "swearing" and the pleasures of the playhouse as "likely to give liberty to carnal and sensual delights." It had gone during the Civil War and with it the mistletoe, the Yule log, the boar's head and the mince pies. Ever since the Long Parliament had made an order in 1644, December 25 had ceased to be a day for dancing and feasting.

Under the new regime it was not a festival but a fast-day "during which men shall recall their own sins and those of their fathers who transgressed the sacred day of Christ into an occasion of revelry."

Now on Christmas morning soldiers were sent round London a little before dinner time, sniffing the air for smells of roasting, searching kitchens, and peering into ovens. They had orders to confiscate all meat they found being cooked.

Sharp Reminder
CHRISTMAS had gone; and yet it had not gone. As with swearing, you could legislate against it, but not abolish it. As Richard Kenilsh, sadly told Parliament, reporting news of pro-Christmas demonstrations: "The people of England do hate to be reformed."

modify the "unholy holiday," but then, in 1646, Parliament had come out completely against Christmas. An ordinance was published stating categorically that the Feast of the Nativity should be no longer observed.

The ordinance was made law in June and promptly forgotten—until two days before Christmas. Then suddenly the Town Clerk's bell was heard in the streets and with it a sharp official reminder.

People Killed
AT Oxford and Ipswich there were riots and people were killed. At Bury St Edmunds 180 apprentices threatened to set fire to any shop that opened and to kill the owners.

At Canterbury there was even more serious trouble. The mayor announced that not only would there be no holiday but that the market should be opened. At once several dozen armed and furious men marched through the streets to the mayor's house, smashed all his windows, and set fire to bundles of faggots at his front door. He called out the constabulary and in the fight that followed the sheriff was knocked on the head and many people severely wounded.

Arrests were made, and the mayor ordered the ringleaders to be beaten, but the goal was rushed and the men were released. The rioters refused to put down arms until an undertaking was given that their leaders' point of view should be heard at proper trial and that their names should further trouble them.

Arrest
THREE years later, however, in 1657 he took a chance. With his wife he came up to London from his home at Sayes Court, Deptford, and went to "Exeter Chapel" (presumably a private chapel in Exeter House, off the Strand). The preacher that day was the Reverend Mr. Gunning, who was to become Bishop of Ely after the Restoration.

The sermon was over. Evelyn recorded and Mr. Gunning was "giving us the Holy Sacrament (when) the Chapel was surrounded by soldiers and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them."

But before the sacraments were made and in defiance of the soldiers who stood on the altar steps with levelled muskets, the congregation took Communion in defiance of the soldiers who stood on the altar steps with levelled muskets.

going more than a further six months. In the following May the exiled Charles II rode triumphantly into London. Long faces broke into smiles; black habits gave way to coloured silk and gay flounces. And back with the monarchy came Christmas.

That year they sang in the taverns: "Now thanks to God for Charles' return. Whose absence made old Christmas mourn; For then we scarcely did it know Whether it Christmas were or no. We went the holly and the ivy, the paper chains and

mistletoe. My Lords of Misrule again made night horrible and led their tipsy crews through the bright Christmas streets. And, on a more serious note a scholar like John Selden of the Inner Temple might openly publish a tract entitled "Proving the Nativity of Our Saviour to be on 25 of December."

Christmas revels were revived at Lincoln's Inn and all England was merry again. Yet despite the lifting of the drab Puritan pall it seemed to some older people—Pepys among them—that somehow Christmas was not as gay as they had been. It was as if the long years of Cromwell's rule had put a blight on them.

No, whiteboards assured the young they were not so fine and luxurious as in the old days. Now in Good Queen Elizabeth's time... ah those were Christmas!

For Evelyn the arrest seems to have been a gentlemanly business. He was merely confined in the house of the Countess of Dorset with whom he was to dine, and examined during the afternoon. After countering what he described as many "trivial and enquiring questions and much threatening" he was released.

A number of clergy were arrested on December 25 that year, but this was almost the last blow against Christmas. The power of the Protectorate was waning fast. In the September of the next year, 1658, Cromwell died and his son Richard could not keep the tottering Parliamentary regime

problem was treated like a murder mystery. Suddenly the pieces of the death-in-the-air jig-saw fell into place.

Although aviation doctors, as cautious as their civilian colleagues, refuse to be drawn officially, I can say that high-ranking RAF officers are satisfied that decompression sickness is yet another problem to be overcome in jet flying.

The sickness is similar to "the bends" which divers get by being brought up too quickly from a great depth.

Divers are put into a chamber where pressure is gradually reduced to normal over about four hours. If this is done at once there are normally no ill-effects.

I understand that new orders listing ways of avoiding the sickness are being prepared. In the meantime the RAF is advised that the mystery of David Atcherley has been solved.

FOOTNOTE: Normally young and healthy pilots can stand the quick changes in pressure. In fact, once jet planes are pressed into service, fewer than 10 per cent of the pilots are liable to get sick.

In a post-mortem RAF doctors found puzzling internal hemorrhages. Laboratory tests followed, and the new jet age sickness was identified.

This was the first time doctors had been able to examine a victim who had not been severely injured in a crash. For the first time there was a co-pilot to tell what led to the pilot's collapse.

Could this be, they asked, the explanation of dozens of unexplained crashes?

There followed a re-examination of all "unexplained" jet crashes in the last 10 years. On November 10 a two-seater Meteor took off in Germany, obtained up to 20,000ft, and was diving to 20,000ft. Down they went, but at 20,000ft the instructor felt worse. The pupil took over on his dual controls.

He flew back to base, where the flight lieutenant was lifted from the cockpit unconscious. Twelve hours later he died in the RAF hospital at Rostrup.

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He flew back to base, where the flight lieutenant was lifted from the cockpit unconscious. Twelve hours later he died in the RAF hospital at Rostrup.

In a post-mortem RAF doctors found puzzling internal hemorrhages. Laboratory tests followed, and the new jet age sickness was identified.

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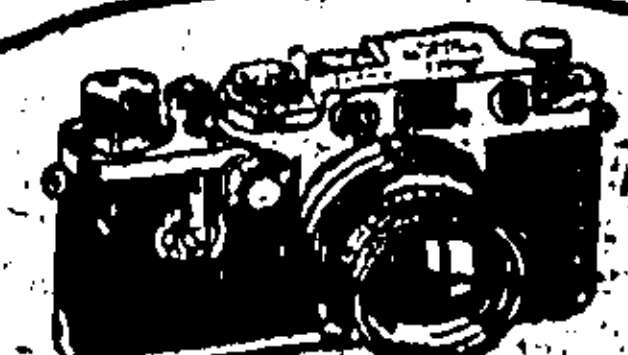
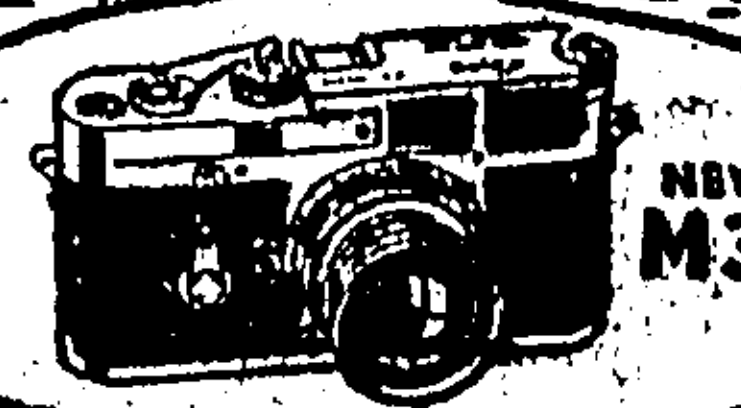


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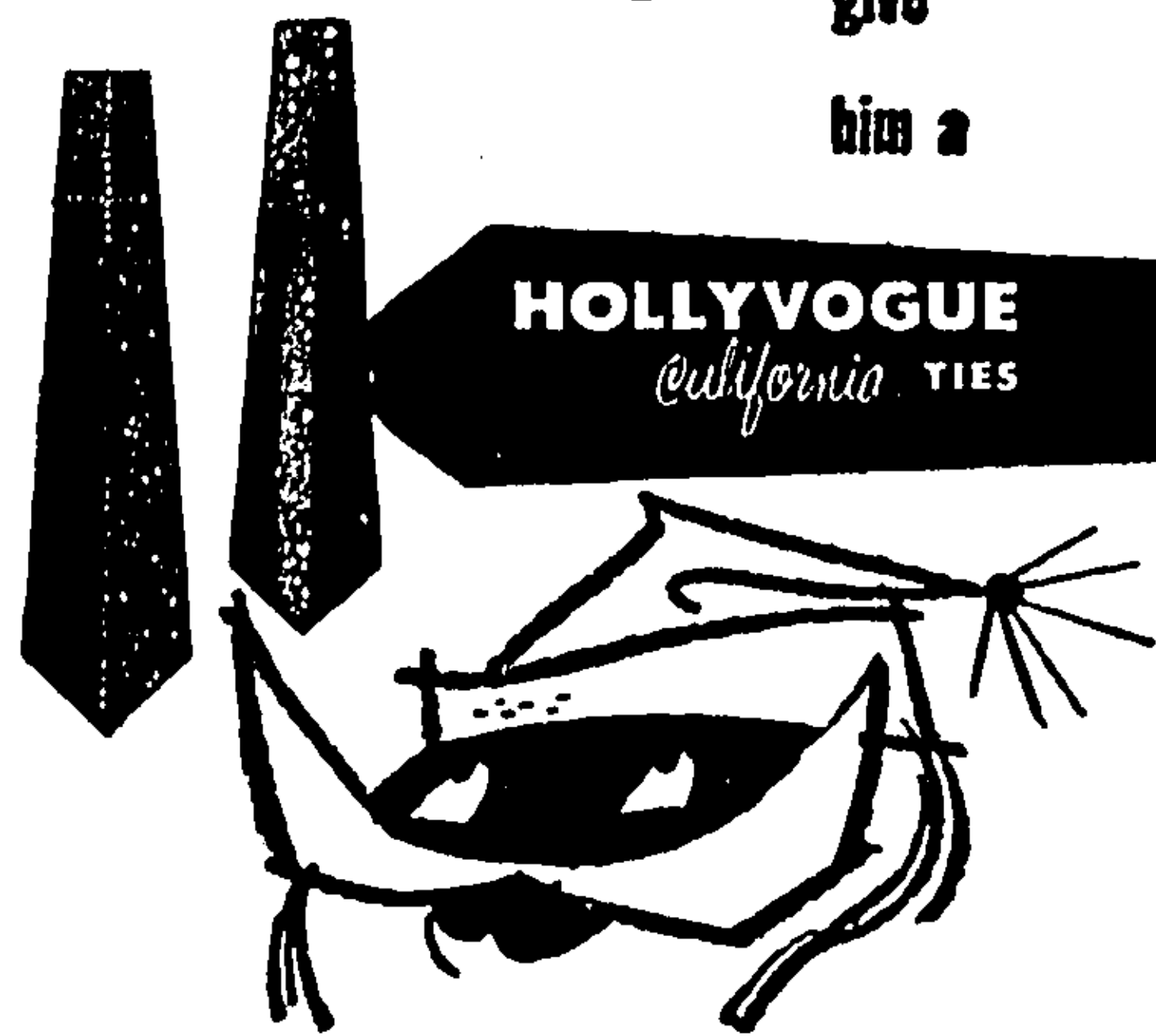
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FEAR (when it's over) is more relaxing than ROMANCE

—says H-G Clouzot
THE NEW MASTER OF 'MAKE-EM-SIT-UP'

By SYDNEY SMITH

Parisian **SIR ALEXANDER KORDA** once said that there are only three ways of making a successful film:—

"Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em sit forward on their seats." It is the third of these techniques that has made the biggest impact on the postwar screen.

And the new Master of the Make-'em-Sit-Forward is the man who is pulling Londoners in their hundreds to see a French film: the man who made the electrifying "Wages of Fear" and has now made the diabolical "Fiends."

This man is Henri-Georges Clouzot.

SO SOOTHING

THE man who has set French and British filmgoers packing the cinema to see two women drowning a drugged man in a bath sighed and said: "Fear, terror, suspense—they are far more relaxing than romance, tears, or laughter. 'Fear, when it is over, is the most soothing emotion of all.'"

He looks relaxed and calm himself, this 48-year-old Henri-Georges Clouzot, the man who made the bone-chilling film "The Fiends."

In France the film is called "Les Diaboliques," and more than 5,000,000 cinema-goers have watched the planning and detailed execution by two pretty women of a fiendishly cold-blooded, gruesome murder.

A SADIST?

IS Clouzot, this spine-twisting master of suspense, really a morbid sadist? That is what I wondered when I went to see him. But — not a bit of it.

He is placid, little (5 ft. 6 in.) thick-set, with cropped iron-grey hair,

bushy black eyebrows, and a rather jovial face behind an elaborately carved cherrywood pipe. There is a whisky and soda beside him to complete the picture of ease.

Here is a tranquil man. Clouzot has been night-club crooner, journalist, private secretary to an M.P., and then spent five years in a lung sanatorium before he recovered completely and took a job after the war in French radio, which led to film writing.

Five years ago he married a beautiful Brazilian. She never trained as an actress. Now she appears as the more wicked of the two "Fiends."

Clouzot made her an actress for this film by eight months of deadly training—she had to read plays aloud to him for three hours every day, mostly in the early hours of the morning.

"No," she says, "he is not difficult to work for really. He just knows how to handle his characters. With



VERA CLOUZOT FOR THE WIFE A STAR ROLE.

some he's rough and tough but with me he's all sweetness."

Sweetness? Says Clouzot: "In one of my films, 'Manon,' the star—little Cecil Aubrey—made me slap her face to work up her emotions. Frankly—you have to hit that girl."

"In 'The Fiends,' my wife had to do some crying too. So I used to console her and become very sympathetic about some trouble that didn't really exist."

"That worked up her tenderness and emotion and she cried—24 times for retakes. It is just a difference of temperament—but it is the sort of

thing that gets you labelled as a bully and a sadist."

Of "The Fiends" Clouzot says: "It is just a thriller. There is no special moral to it—it is not even what I'd call a serious piece. I just produced it like I would play a game."

"I took an ordinary detective novel, transposed it into a different setting, even with different facts, rewrote it four times in a year, and then filmed it in 11 weeks."

There is the scene as the bath is running—ready for the drowning. Tension and horror... and silence in the cinemas, except for an occasional nervous giggle, which Clouzot says is a real sign of success in a horror film.

HIS 'GAME'

HE told me: "I had to get the right gushing sound—it had to be kind of sinister. We tape-recorded all the baths in the homes of my staff, in hotels all over France for a year, until I got just the right noise."

"That is what I mean—making a horror film is a game. You don't have to be morbid or sadistic or brutal. You have to be what I like best—efficient."

Now Clouzot is working on a new "game"—the scenario for a film which at the moment is to be called "Death at the Lido."

But he says: "I have only rewritten it twice so far—and by the time I've finished it may not be Death, and perhaps it won't be at the Lido. Things get changed."

But one thing for Clouzot remains unchanged: he suffers terribly from insomnia. As he says: "The only thing that relaxes me and sends me off to sleep is a really good thriller."

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Pilgrims Crowd Into Bethlehem

By MONICA DEHN

Jerusalem. **THE** Star of Bethlehem hangs every Christmas like the lamp of God over the little white, stone houses of the town where Jesus was born. And those who see it, as they make their pilgrimage on Christmas Eve to the church built on the site of the inn that had no room, cannot help lowering their eyes in shame after the first exalted glance. Its vivid brilliance pierces the heart with its ignored message—peace on earth and goodwill towards men.

In the lifetime of most of us, there has been little peace on earth and little goodwill towards men. Only at Christmas, for a brief twenty-four hours, have hatreds and suspicions faded into a bonhomie which one looks at the Star has forced honest men to recognise as, at best, temporary.

Those who have been preparing for Christmas expect a flood of pilgrims not only from all over the Middle East but from Europe and all eager to give thanks to the Son of Peace for the long-delayed hope of Peace.

As the service progresses, with the Patriarch, resplendent in purple robes glittering with jewels and the fresh-faced young choir boys leading the congregation in the grand liturgy of Christmas music, worshippers feel the intensity of the ceremony surge through them on this special night.

BETHLEHEM has not a single room to lot over the Christmas holidays. Until the Great Powers began their talks in the quiet Geneva setting, there were signs of just the normal pilgrimage. Afterwards, the Bethlehem postman's sack became heavier and heavier. By late summer, there was not even stable space to spare.

Now tourists are seeking shelter in schools, convents, hospices and private houses. Many Bethlehem families are sharing rooms to make way for them, but some of the families, too, will have to sleep on the cobbled stones of the main square. They will lie restlessly on borrowed carpets or with their heads on the bellies of their tired, sprawling donkeys and camels.

Those lucky enough to have a roof over their heads will find their new homes primitive, but in keeping with the Christmas spirit. The mattresses are stuffed with straw and are as sticky and sweet-smelling as that on which Mary laid the infant two thousand years ago. Washing is done at an outside pump which draws water from the same well from which Joseph doubtless brought water to Mary after her travail.

But the pilgrims won't mind. Crowding into Bethlehem this Christmas are Britons from Cyprus, Americans from the oil-fields of Arabia and Iraq,

organised Church groups from France, Italy, and Spain, Christian Arabs from all over Jordan—held Palestine, from Damascus and from Jordan's capital of Amman. About 2,000 Christians are coming from the State of Israel, where the barbed wire and the dragon's teeth tank traps dividing Jew from Moslem have again been temporarily pierced in the spirit of the faith they both respect.

IN the evening, as Midnight Mass begins in the simple Church of the Nativity, the congregation will represent the millions of the world's citizens who, if they could, would have come to pray for peace.

Black-headed men from Czarist Russia—very old and frail now—kneel side by side with the women of Bethlehem in their white coats—dating from the days of the Crusades. There are men in lounge suits; diplomats in full ceremonial dress with silver swords at their sides; consular officials in morning coats; labourers in worn work clothes. The light of a thousand tapers flickers on the pale faces of Europeans, on the darker, olive shades of those from the Middle East, the black skins of Africa and the mahogany of India.

As the service progresses, with the Patriarch, resplendent in purple robes glittering with jewels and the fresh-faced young choir boys leading the congregation in the grand liturgy of Christmas music, worshippers feel the intensity of the ceremony surge through them on this special night.

MIDNIGHT approaches and the Patriarch holds aloft the figure of Jesus before carrying it to the grotto and placing it reverently in the manger. The packed congregation hold their breath. Even the candles seem to stop spluttering and for a moment there is a great silence.

Then, with a crashing clatter the bells of Bethlehem peal out the joyful news that another Christmas has begun. In Jerusalem and Nazareth and on the Sea of Galilee and on the Mount of Olives—wherever Christ walked and preached and men have built a church to commemorate him—the notes of O-come all ye faithful break the quietness of the night.

But it is in Bethlehem, where the Star hangs low—vivid as a warning of danger, or a beacon of hope—that Christmas means most.

And this year the pilgrims believe that the spirit of Christmas will live a little longer throughout the world than it has in recent times.

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HOW TO DODGE 5 O'CLOCK SHADOW—Official

BEFORE OR AFTER BREAKFAST? SCIENCE TACKLES THE SHAVING QUESTION

BEFORE
breakfast

Poor shave—
your face is
still asleep



by CHAPMAN PINCHER

AFTER
breakfast

Good shave—
weigh your
whiskers!

MEN who shave after breakfast, instead of as soon as they get up, look better groomed for the rest of the day—because they get a much closer shave. Dr David Verel, lecturer in medicine at the London Hospital, has proved this by carefully weighing his whiskers after shaving them off at varying times.

And he has discovered the reason for the difference:—When a man has been lying down for more than an hour the skin of his face becomes slightly puffed up because fluid collects in it.

His razor cannot reach the bases of his whiskers because

they are embedded in the puffed-up skin.

He thinks he is getting a clean shave, but as the fluid slowly drains away from his skin—as it does when he gets up—the bases of his whiskers emerge from their hiding places as mid-morning stubble.

That is why a man's beard seems to grow twice as fast between 7 a.m. and 11 a.m. as it does between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.—Dr Verel showed with whisker-weighings after mid-morning and mid-afternoon shaves.

The doctor confirmed his findings by watching what happened when he grew a slight stubble and then lay on a couch. The stubble became shorter because his skin slowly puffed up and buried the bases of his whiskers.

Furthermore, Dr Verel found that if a man shaves last thing at night, when his skin is least puffy, he is almost as clean-shaven the following day as he is if he shaves immediately on rising.

The reason? The amount the average whisker grows in eight hours is almost all covered up by the puffiness of the skin which develops during sleep. So the amount he could remove by shaving again in the morning is negligible.

So there it is. The best way to avoid "five o'clock shadow," or at least reduce it—Dr Verel advises in his report on his researches—is to shave as late as possible before setting off to work.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



THIS MR MARSHALL ALSO HAS A PLAN

By LES ARMOUR

IT is no good just listing the facts about David Marshall. They take too much believing.

David Saul Marshall is a little man in a bush jacket—an eloquent orator, a brilliant lawyer who has successfully and sensationally defended 38 men accused of murder, a one-time London waiter, a man who once aspired to be a Metropolitan policeman.

He is a Jew who is the elected Chief Minister of a British Colony, 80 percent of whose citizens are Chinese.

He is the scion of a family whose history is the epitome of the bitter story of the Jewish race—and he has emerged as the articulate spokesman of a new kind of Asian nationalism.

He is a Socialist who until recently was earning £2,000 a month.

He founded a political party because he could find no political party to join, entered an election because he thought it would be pleasant to have politics for a hobby, and found himself, to his intense surprise, the first "Prime Minister" in Singapore.

Freely Elected

THERE are those who say that David Marshall is just one more "incident" in the political and social emergence of the Orient—a flash-in-the-pan, a one-night stand.

They perceive that he sometimes talks too much, that, like a Chinese firework, he generates more heat than light but not enough heat to set the world on fire.

There are even those who think that David Marshall is an invention of his own imagination and that the world, having been diverted by the spectacle, will shortly forget him.

But they reckon without some of the facts.

In the first place Marshall is a European who was freely elected by Chinese, Malays, and Indians who could have gone their own separate ways and voted for Chinese, Malays, and Indians. In a world where race is more explosive than gunpowder and where rampant Asian nationalism is, for better or worse, an all-important driving force that fact itself makes David Marshall worth attention.

Furthermore, Singapore is one of the great cities of the world, a commercial and strategic bastion of an Empire which is fast becoming a Commonwealth which may become either a mere name or a decisive force in world affairs.

Bitter Blow

MOST important, it may be that in Singapore and adjacent Malaya the fate of Communism in what is called "free Asia" will be determined. And David Marshall has dealt Communism a bitter blow.

David Marshall must be considered in this context.

He proposes to establish the Welfare State, British-style, in the Orient. He proposes to make Singapore a self-governing part of a "Co-operative Commonwealth" in which, he hopes, the adjective "Co-operative" will have a specific meaning.

He has dealt, in a few months, with a series of



David Marshall is more than just another colonial politician. He is symbolic of the growing sense of nationhood in the still dependant territories. He is seen talking to the Press in London.

crises which are not always easy to understand. He fought a desperate-looking battle with the Governor of Singapore over the question of the number of ministers he had the right to have in his cabinet. He quelled a wave of Communist strikes and a wave of Communist riots.

His fight with the Governor was in every sense a sham battle.

Taunted and jeered at by his opponents from the moment of his election over the "reality" of self-government in Singapore he chose to assert himself on a question of no vital importance.

His Shrewdness

THEREBY he showed his shrewdness if nothing else.

Marshall already had a cabinet of seven. He proposed to appoint four more ministers. The English common sense of the Governor rebelled at the thought of a cabinet of 11 members when the government party had only 14 seats in a 25-seat legislature.

Marshall, in private, may even have agreed with him.

But the point was that, if he could trounce the Governor on this point—and even the Governor probably didn't really think it important enough to wreck the constitution over—he could then appear before his opponents as a man who had made his power felt.

Breath-taking

IT didn't quite come off. But Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd hustled out from London, went into hurried conference with Mr Marshall, and emerged smiling five hours later.

What happened in that meeting was breath-taking.

First of all the British Government conceded that, in principle, the Governor ought usually to take the Chief Minister's advice. Then Marshall decided that he wouldn't press the issue over the ministers. Finally Lennox-Boyd agreed that he would meet Marshall in London in March and there they would hammer out the "self-government" question and talk about dates for independence.

Result: the Governor kept his dignity. Marshall made the point that he was the man to bring about real self-government, and Lee might have his way.

Lennox-Boyd added to his laurels as a negotiator.

Was there ever such a happy crisis?

The Communists, of course, couldn't take this sort of thing lying down.

They remembered that Marshall had campaigned against the "emergency" regulations to combat Communism and they set out to hoist him with his own petard.

Open Violence

THERE were strikes, riots—open violence in schools, disruption in the economy.

But they reckoned without the lawyer's mind.

Marshall snapped, "Singapore under Communism would be worse than Singapore under the Japanese occupation." Then he got to work and drafted a tough Emergency Powers Bill.

He reasoned that the Communists had had their chance and had determined to declare open war. Under the circumstances, they could expect only open war in return.

They got it.

Marshall won. But more than that, his popularity increased rather than decreased. He had proved that self-government in Singapore had met the first requirement for any government: it could govern even in the face of open hostility from a section of the community and it could keep a majority of the community behind it.

Now he is in London to smooth the way for the next stage. He envisages a Singapore completely free to determine its own internal affairs, but bound to co-operation with Britain in matters of defence and foreign affairs.

He recognises that Singapore exists because it is a trading centre. It can only continue to exist as a trading centre in co-operation with Britain—at least, for the time being.

On this trip, he is just sounding things out.

Ups and Downs

ON the way to London he had a few minor scuffles. He stopped off in Delhi to say that he "had come to learn at the feet of Mr Nehru." That enraged his opponents at home especially his personal friend and arch political enemy Lee Kuan Yew, who runs the extreme "left" of Singapore politics. Marshall accused Lee of dilly-dallying with the Communists. Lee accuses Marshall of dilly-dallying with the British.

Lee's current line is that Marshall "humiliated" Singapore in front of Mr Nehru. He hopes to rally nationalist support.

It would take only a little to bring down Marshall—for his government habitually survives votes of confidence in the legislature only because the three members nominated by the Governor vote for him. So Lee might have his way.

In any case, Marshall himself doesn't care.

He has had a lot of ups and downs during his 47 years.

He spent World War I in prison in Baghdad because he had happened to be born in Singapore and he and his father were therefore British subjects and, from the Turkish point of view, on the wrong side of the war.

After the war, he wandered through Europe, worked his way through London University working as a waiter and by giving chess lessons.

Long Story

IN those days, whenever he went out on any important occasion he had to borrow a pair of trousers from a barrister friend.

He tried to join the Metropolitan Police and was turned down on medical grounds. So he went back to Singapore to try his luck. There he became the colony's top lawyer.

Behind that is the long story of his family. They started in Spain (the name was Marshall until recently), were thrown out during the Inquisition, wandered through the Middle East for several hundred years and finally came to Singapore from what was then Mesopotamia. He and his father went back just before World War I—and both were interned.

But they found their feet again afterwards as they always had. The tradition of resourcefulness still stands—and Marshall has nothing but a happy guffaw for the whims of fate. (COPYRIGHT)

WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

It Rained Frogs, Fish, Insects

EVER since the third century AD, the oddest kinds of "showers" have been recorded.

With or without rain, fish have fallen all over the place. So have frogs, birds, larvae, worms, oranges, pebbles and even fossilised hazelnuts. The nuts fell on Dublin in 1867.

An early Greek writer talked of a fish shower lasting three days, and at Drumhirk, Northern Ireland, in 1928, dozens of red fish were found on the roof of a bungalow, two miles away from the nearest stretch of water.

Frogs paid a flying visit to Trowbridge, Wiltshire, in 1939, when hundreds of tiny ones rained down on a concrete path surrounding a swimming pool.

BARLEY SHOWER

New York had its strangest shower in 1950, when almost half a bushel of barley rained down on the tower of the 1,250-foot-high Empire State building! How it got into the sky, no one knows.

Another queer downpour was a fall of hallstones as flat as coins. When they began to melt, the centres became liquid first and the stones took on the shape of small rings. They fell on Cyprus in 1931.

Hallstones as large as tennis balls have been reported in Britain, but the biggest stones of all time—the size of grapefruits—fell at Potter, Nebraska, USA, in 1928. One was 17 inches round!

Hallstones have brought other surprises. In 1940, a resident of Springfield, Missouri, telephoned the U.S. Weather Bureau to report that it had "halled coal in his part of the town." A small tornado had swept the coal area of Missouri and carried aloft a quantity of "nutty slack."

The rarest of all hallstones contained insects. Currents of air must have carried the little creatures upwards to their icy tombs.

Sometimes, rain and snow fall in glorious technicolour! There was red rain at Bordighera, Italy, in 1928. It covered the pavements with a red-brown deposit, which turned to a delightful salmon colour when dry. At Guildford, Surrey, in 1940, a greenish-yellow rain was reported.

Blue rain fell from a cloudless sky in a small village near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, in 1950. Spotsches of blue the size of a penny covered an area of over 100 square yards. Everyone recalled the song-hit of four years before, called "Ashby-de-la-Zouch by the Sea." One of the lines of it was, "The skies are full of blue!"

BLACK CHRISTMAS

On the high mountains of Tatra, in Hungary, the peasants dream of a Black Christmas, for the snow is often black there. In other places, there is sometimes yellow, red and green snow. It is often bright yellow in New Brunswick, Canada, and sometimes green on Alpine peaks.

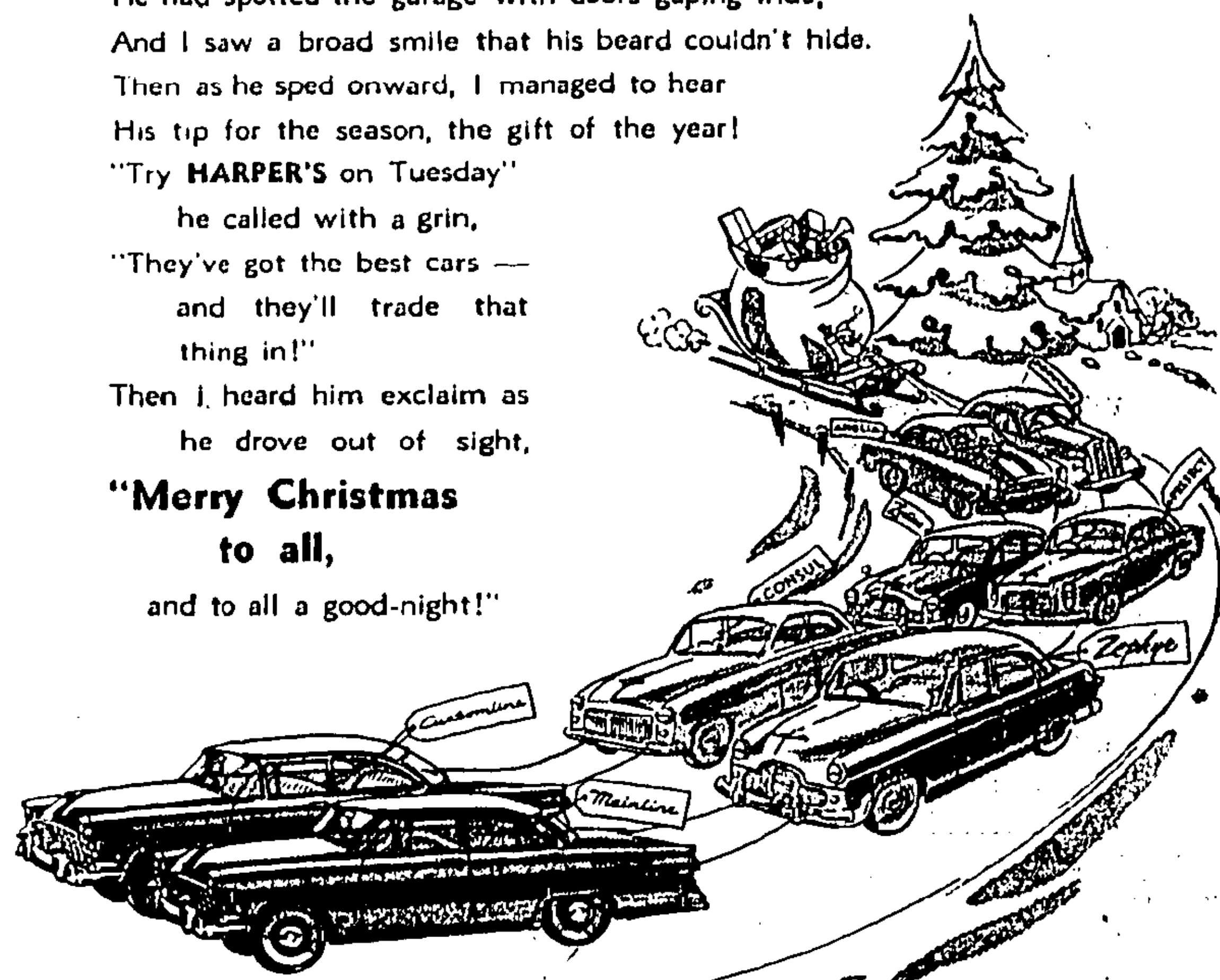
After white, the commonest snow colour is red, ranging from a delicate rose to a deep blood shade. Alpine climbers have found this red snow on the slopes of Mount St Bernard. Scientists say it is due to the presence of minute plants, known as algae, or to mineral dust.

But perhaps the strangest snow of all fell on Rochester, 250 miles from New York, in 1950. It was white, enough, but it was found to be radioactive. The fall followed atomic test explosions in Nevada, about 3,000 miles away.

Rochester children claim to be the first to throw "atomic snowballs."

IT WAS the night before Christmas when out in the road.

Stood the old family bus, having lost its abode,
For the garage was empty and tidied with care
In hopes Santa might have a new car to spare.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While thoughts of convertibles danced through their heads:
The Missy and I dreamed in front of the grate
Of our next leave at home in a new Ford V-8.
When out in the drive there arose such a roar
That I sprang from my chair and rushed straight to the door.
I threw back the bolt and peeped out in the night,
And saw, with the moon making everything bright,
A gift-laden sleigh swooping down from the stars,
St. Nick at the helm, driving eight shiny cars!
He swept around corners at breathtaking speeds,
Calling out to his swift-running powerful steeds:
"On CONSUL! On, ZEPHYR! On, CUSTOMLINE, too!"
As down through the Christmas Eve darkness they flew;
"Now, PERFECT! Now, ANGLIA! POPULAR! — Now!
Come MAINLINE! Come ZODIAC! Show them all how!"
They drew nearer swiftly then silently stopped,
And out of his vehicle Santa Claus hopped.
He paused not a moment but to his work dashed;
From trimming the tree to the stockings he flashed.
While Old Father Christmas was busy inside,
I gazed at his coursers and longed for a ride.
They had floated along with such grace and such poise,
So easily pulling that huge load of toys,
That I thought on the instant how nice it would be
To have a new Ford under our Christmas tree.
When Santa had finished, he sprang to his sleigh,
Pressed once on the starter and darted away.
But, thoughtful, he circled 'round once, looking back,
And his gaze travelled down to our old-fashioned hack.
He had spotted the garage with doors gaping wide,
And I saw a broad smile that his beard couldn't hide.
Then as he sped onward, I managed to hear
His tip for the season, the gift of the year!
"Try HARPER'S on Tuesday!"
he called with a grin,
"They've got the best cars —
and they'll trade that
thing in!"
Then I heard him exclaim as
he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas
to all,
and to all a good-night!"



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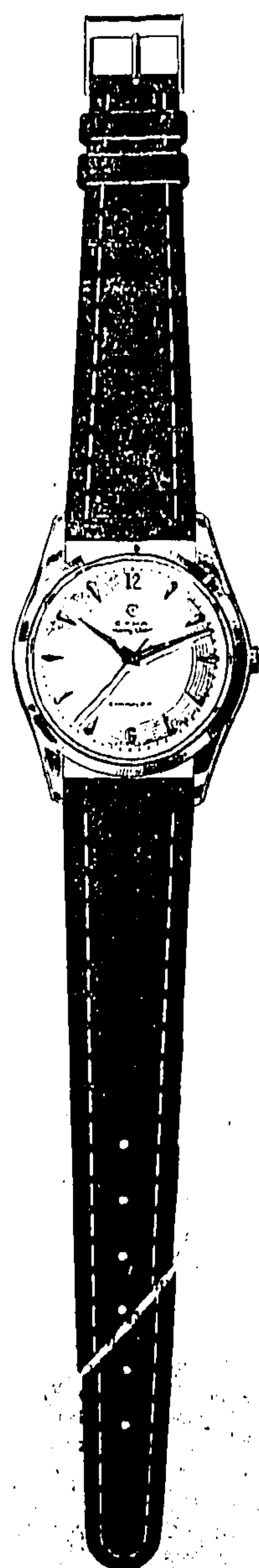


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navy star

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Oh, For Those Good Old Days— WHEN WOMEN DID THE TALKING

YESTERDAY
conversation, even
for women, was
an art.



THE other day I listened to Miss Rose Macaulay introduce a lecture in a manner so witty and delicious that I hoped every woman in the audience was making a mental note: "There is someone who must be a good conversationalist."

Who ever heard of a woman in this country who excelled at this particularly difficult but delightful art? Good looks, good grooming, good social manner, good nature—even good reputation—will win friends, influence people, and bring you a nice crop of dinner invitations. But good talk is not one of the accepted subjects on the English girl's finishing-school syllabus.

Good conversation needs a context—in other words, it needs men to want to listen, for women to want to talk. And there is quite a deal of evidence to prove that the Englishman, traditionally so strong and silent, is in fact a peacocky chatterbox who prefers women to be like Desdemona—who won Othello by behaving just as the women's magazines advise; she encouraged him to talk about himself for hours on end, while she sat being an admiring listener.

IT'S THE LATEST TWIST ON 'KNOW YOURSELF'

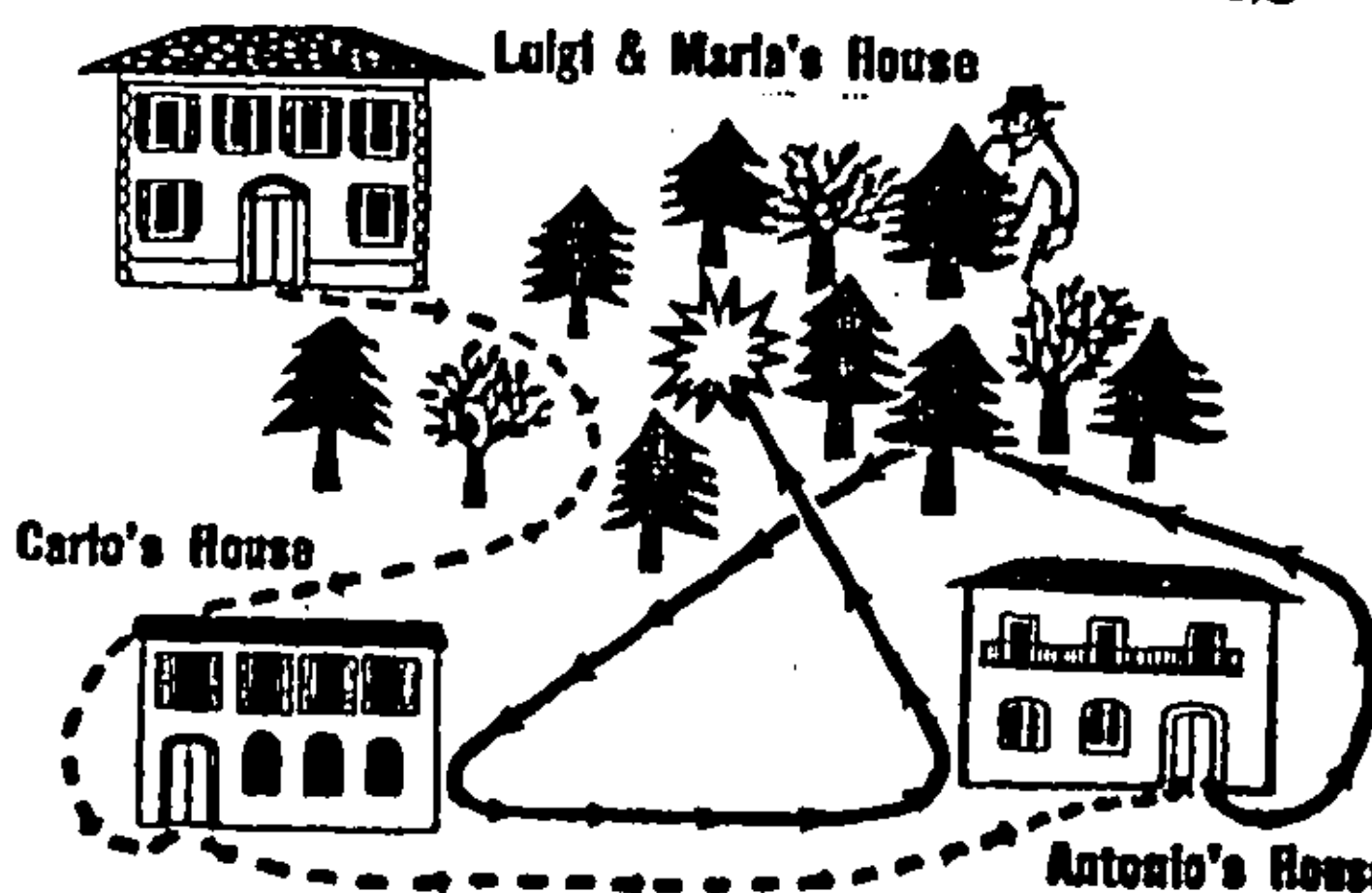
by JOY MATTHEWS

AMONG THE GROWN-UPS (especially when the hour gets late and the assembly has "unfrozen") it looks as though party time this Christmas is going to be dominated by the Amateur Psychiatrists. Party pastimes with pencil and paper—all with a psychological twist to them—are sweep-

ing in fast from America. Most people moving around these days bump into somebody with a new one to try out. And all end up with—

"Let me have your immediate reaction, please... just what your instinct tells you..." And ALL are designed supposedly to give a clue to your character. Like this, for example:—

HUSBAND, WIFE, BANDIT, AND THE TWO LOVERS



ONCE upon a time there was a young and handsome couple called Luigi and Maria who lived in a high and handsome house on the edge of a wood haunted by a bandit.

Except for the bandit all this sounds very idyllic—but you know what these Latins are, and before you could say "Jealousy" Luigi and Maria had a big bisticcio (which is Italian for little tiff)—and there was Maria alone in a big house on a dark night.

Well, the more she thought the more she thought of Carlo, who was an old flame of hers. So she upped and fairly ran through the dark wood (bandit or no bandit) to have a cosy weep in Carlo's conspicuous arm—which turned out to be a bit too conspicuous. So before you could say "wolf" she left young Carlo and took her troubles to his neighbour Antonio (who was another old flame, but old).

Now Old Antonio's house was even larger than Carlo's, and Antonio suggested that as the time was late, and the wood was dark, Maria should stay the night, which she did.

The next day something told her Luigi would be back with a conscience—so she set off home with a song in her heart. But halfway through the wood—yes, the bandit.

Maria ran back as fast as she could to the nearest house, which happened to be Carlo's, and asked him to save her from the bandit.

"Who, me?" said Carlo. "Certainly not, you stuck-up minx!" (or Italian words to that effect). So the poor girl ran to Old Antonio and asked him.

"Oh, no," said Antonio. "This bandit is news, and this story will get around, and so will the fact that you stayed at my house last night—and really, I have my reputation..."

Maria said: "To Hell with Men!" (not for the first time, but alas! for the last) and walked bravely into the wood and into the sunlight of the bandit who stole her money and shot her dead, quite dead, at the side of a fragrant orange tree.

— NOW THEN —

Who is to blame for Maria's death? Her HUSBAND, who deserted her after a tiff; Antonio, who was peevish because she left his house; or CARLO, who was willing to be friendly, but fearing scandal?

Your decision can give a clue to the kind of person you are. On Page 20 a psychiatrist analyses the possible answers—and the way they reveal your character.

by AMANDA
MARSHALL

Certainly they are notorious talkers—but mostly to each other. On telephones, endlessly; over the garden fence, matter-of-factly; and in the horrid privacy of the ladies' powder room—castly and crossly. But what about amusingly and gracefully, and into the responsive ear of a male "good listener?"

Unlike the woman-loving men of every other nation, the Englishman builds himself a fortress against the sound of a woman's voice. It may be behind the morning paper or the evening paper, or, worst of all, in the fastnesses of all-male clubs, where the oldest, ugliest and least inviting room is grudgingly set aside for those members rash and unwise enough to want to entertain a female friend.

The few women I can name who are brilliant talkers are all old enough to be accepted on their own terms. They have won the battle, and men compete for the privilege of talking to them. Rose Macaulay, whose militant conversation is full of zest and vigour and humour, is such a one. So is the remarkable Baroness Bludberg, who works as a film-script reader, and whose undeniably powerful magic lies in the flow of fabulous reminiscence which drops like pearls from her lips.

Dame Edith Sitwell can electrify a Press conference—a notoriously unyielding collection of near-humanity—with a beautifully judged and totally unexpected fireworks about Marilyn Monroe or the nursing of Kipper under Elizabeth Tudor. Lady Keynes, the ex-dancer Lydia Lopokhova, sparkles with such conversational eagerness and glitter that her little round russet-apple

face is forever etched on your memory as that of the most fascinating woman you ever met. And Dame Edith Evans's talk is as warm and golden and youthful as her acting.

But these women come of a generation when conversation— even for women—was not a lost art. Our younger generation of famous ladies, like the Misses Bloom, Hepburn and Tait, are praised for their shyness, their sincerity, their earnest dedication to work—but never for the sparkle of what they say. And why are English debutantes all traditionally pretty-and-silly, but never pretty-and-witty?

I suspect that in almost every woman there is an engaging talker crying to be let out. I suspect that many of them subscribe to the opinions of that honest and sensible girl, Flora Poste, heroine of "Cold Comfort Farm," whose favourite occupa-



tion was dining quietly with intelligent men; "a way of passing the evening which she adored, because then she could show off a lot and talk about herself."

Can it be, perhaps, that in the minds of Englishmen there is something not quite nice about a girl whose talk is entertaining? One of the few English girls ever to have been openly admired for wit was pretty, witty! Nell Gwynne. And we know where all that talking got her.

(COPYRIGHT)

COMMONWEALTH NEEDS MORE SCIENTISTS

By JAMES WICKENDEN

IN his recent constituency speech Sir Winston Churchill warned the government of the need for a speed-up in the education of scientists.

That need is plain when it is realised that for colonial research—into such problems as rubber, tin, cocoa, soil-science—only 450 scientists are employed throughout the whole of the Commonwealth.

Yet the tasks of these 450 men is to give the right direction to the economic development of many countries and the impetus to profitable pioneering in vast lands.

The bottleneck to the flow of scientists is in the capacity of universities, the personal problems of hopeful students and the training of science team leaders.

On paper the Commonwealth has a vast output of graduates—India and Pakistan for example have 500,000 students at present, Calcutta alone producing more graduates than Britain.

But standards of education are very uneven. It is useless to pretend that the many of the small institutions throughout the Commonwealth compare with the older universities of Britain.

However, progress has been rapid since the war. Since then there have come into being the University of Malaya, a university college in the West Indies and five colleges in West Africa.

But many students from Commonwealth countries need to come to Britain for courses fitting them for first rank work. For some this is still a serious financial problem. Even for those scientists going from Britain to strange lands there is a strong inclination to return home to good posts as soon as possible.

Consequently, it is only by a continuous improvement in educational standards throughout the Commonwealth, and a high rate of pay to new scientists, that progress will be made. Most important of all is the grooming of potential science leaders—for few problems today can be tackled without bold team-work.

These tasks fall partly on such bodies as the Colonial Research Council and the Advisory Committee on Colonial Geology and Mineral Resources, which help plan research programmes; and the Association of the Universities of the British Commonwealth and the Universities Bureau of the British Empire, which promote student exchanges. The Royal Society remains, of course, as the chief guardian of standards in science.

But so far there is no overall body amply supported by funds to tackle the basic task: that is, to recruit students for science, boost their education at a fast rate and arrange posts for them throughout the Commonwealth.

According to economists the next economic phase for the world will be a greatly broadened and intensified search for new raw material resources. Here is the chance for the Commonwealth—whose varied lands contain untold quantities of hidden wealth. It is up to the scientists to find and exploit it, and to train them is our greatest need today.

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Fur gives that £1,000,000 look—but don't over do it!



Against a background of a good old Christmas traffic jam, Demochy draws the accessory of the season: the accessory with the million pound look: the small piece of fur. And he shows you how... and with what... to wear it. With a big coat, a cravat is all you can take. With a narrow suit, a more important piece like a barrel neck or a Cossack hat. Never wear lots of matching fur, and never a bulky piece if you (a) have a bulky coat or (b) are under five foot six. The coat and suits are by Crayson, Spectator Sports and Simon Messy.

Jolly hard work, with minute preparations beforehand and extra mental awareness at the time.

What are their gimmicks?

I didn't ask anyone for an instruction sheet on How to Give a Party because we all know the outlines.

I've collected some specialties de la maison which might provide the trimmings for your own routine.

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is candle-light. It is the friendliest sort of lighting and the kindest to women's faces.

There's all the cheerfulness of Christmas about a candle-lit dinner table. And a whole room lit with candles (quite a possible feat) makes even tired old faces look angelic.

But you must have enough candles. You want to distinguish the potatoes from the meat.

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is a super-futty of men.

Mrs Ian Fleming says women wreck conversation and a good party needs men in a proportion of three to one.

She also thinks married couples slow things up, likes to ask husbands one week and their wives the next.

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is a full range of drinks, including soft ones. Mrs Val Parnell, considered the best party-giver in show business, never serves a prepared cocktail. "Some people don't want to drink," she says. "Some people hate gin and some have come on from another party and want the same drink they've had before."

"I have a cupboard for drinks right by the door so people can choose what they want from a martini to soda water."

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is to cook the main dish at the dining-table. This isn't one of those phoney ideas: it really works.

Mrs John Coventry has a duck press (old fashioned and inherited) in the dining-room, and the guests slice and press a duck while she makes the sauce. "It's like a picnic."

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is warmth. Sir Alfred Bosham, political host, says no one who shivers can be happy. He has installed a series of radiators so that

guests feel wafts of warm air as they come in.

"The welcome," he says, "is the most important thing. You must stay near the door to greet people until everyone has arrived."

He agrees with me that a party is hard work.

"I plan it like a little campaign," he says. "And if I give a big party, each waiter has his own route, his own corner to look after."

DUTY GUESTS

—keep 'em out

ON three points all party-givers spoke with one single voice. The best parties have a reason: a special occasion or a special guest.

Never ask people at random, thinking a mixture will blend smoothly. The egg is sure to curdle. And don't invite "duty" guests: one duty guest can kill a party and promising party singlehanded.

If you owe hospitality to dull people—invite them on their own.

NEW FABRICS LAUNCHED BY LONDON COUTURIERS

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London WHILE most of us were sorting out our winter woolies and wondering what to buy Aunt Agatha for Christmas, London's twelve-man band of couturiers dipped into the future.

They hired Hamilton House, once one of London's stately homes, decorated it with gold and white chrysanthemums, and put on a joint show for the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

Normally they fill this annual show with models from current collections. But this year they broke with tradition. They added new designs and launched several new fabrics which point the way fashion may turn in the new spring collections next month.

John Cavanagh showed a short dinner dress in pink rayon brocade with a pale blue pattern, the skirt with backwork fullness to match the full yoke on the back of the jacket. Charles Creed still chose the straight and narrow line for top coats, but turned one into a surprise number by making it in geranium pink pique.



This brocade ball gown with a tapered hem line was seen at the Royal show. It was made by John Cavanagh.

Lachasse was the first couturier to sample a new white honeycomb pique, but gave it the couture touch by using it for a floor-length evening coat lined with pleated white satin. Matelli, who still keeps to the tunic line for evening dresses, showed one in a new delft-blue wool satin. A fabric with the sheen of satin, but the warmth of wool, it seemed just made for those who live in chilly lands.

Every designer has his own style and Michael showed his this time with enormous shoulder-wide cape collars on suits and top coats; Daisy Morison, with a dash of Irish magic, He showed three-quarter coats handknitted in Aran following the traditional centuries-old patterns and lined with pale silk. He introduced a linen printed in Princess Margaret Rose tartan, a red-brown and green mixture. He used the tartan linen for a crisp, knife-pleated dress and topped it with a coat in heavy sapphire blue linen.

Princess showed an extravagant silk coat lined with white fur, and revealed a talent for mixing patterns in his orange-bell gown and pique grey tinged with blue silk. Michael showed, who also favoured the pale pastel shades, showed a dress in pale yellow and pink. He showed a dress in pale yellow and pink. He showed a dress in pale yellow and pink.

Worth mixed colours, rather than shades, and put an evening dress in blue and green organza with a citron yellow coat.

The two "royal" designers are already at work preparing the Queen's wardrobe for her visit to Nigeria next month, so their contribution to this show consisted mainly of items from their current collections. Hardy Amies showed an evening dress in pale pink and yellow tulle, Norman Hartnell, a typically grand occasion ball gown in white satin embroidered with a drift of violets.

When it came to accessories, most designers had something new. There were day court shoes in red wood to match a tweed outfit; evening shoes in black patent leather with narrow silver heels.

But the hat of the season—this season, not next—kept appearing. That flat, tumbling shape fitted in and out. One designer showed a garden party version, a feather decoration of ruffled pink tulle. Another, a variation surely intended for the far frozen north, in green pique lamb. The one of the forty-four models taking part in the show was a red-haired model who was the first to wear a hat nearly twenty years was making her last appearance. She wore a hat nearly twenty years was making her last appearance. She wore a hat nearly twenty years was making her last appearance.

IF YOU ENJOY YOUR PARTY you can bet your life IT'S A FLOP!

Says ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

I HAVE theory that no par is any good unless the mess is in torment from beginning to end. You to a party to enjoy yourself.

You give party to see that other people do.

The polka party... the "take this you find us" party... the grand party argued not by the hostess help but by her social secretary are usually flops by thinly canon that counts. Dike guests have a good time.

Looking back on the parties I been to this year, I thi the Americans give the it parties, and the Frenche worst.

An Arican hostess works andorks hard. She puts as mn effort into her fiftleth py as her first.

She is terprising over food. SI decorates her table twice attractively as we do. nd she watches, watches, sches to see that no guest lonely.

The wa-heartedness that is Amerit national virtue spreads itow.

In Paris, it is snobbishly assumed that everyone knows everyone.

I got invited to a terrifyingly chic cocktail party in Paris in the spring where I didn't know a soul. As I was a stranger, you'd think my hostess would have introduced me to somebody. (I forget now why she asked me.)

But in France, that's not the form. The only people who talked to me were the waiters. After a bit, I ran into an American who was putting in some solitary drinking in an alcove.

"Let's get out of here quick," he said.

"Yes, quick," I said.

And giving each other courage, we doubled for the door. Our hostess was having such a good time being brilliant that we didn't disturb her to say good-bye.

THE GIMMICKS—add sparkle

AS the party season is rushing up on us, binge after binge between now and the New Year I've been talking to people who give good parties of all shapes and sizes, asking where the sparkle comes from.

They all agree that it isn't spontaneous combustion. It's

To Serve Christmas Callers—

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

TO cars who drop in anytime during the day, offer a cup of coffee or hot tea and Christmas cookies.

Or the afternoon or evening serve fingers of fruit and fruit punch.

Red Berry Grape Punch: Stir together 1 1/2 c. granulated sugar, 1 c. boiling water. Add 1 tin of frozen strawberries and 1 tin of orange juice, 1/2 c. lemon juice, 1 qt. grape juice and 1 unseasoned pineapple. Chill at least 6 hrs. Sift before serving and 1 qt. cold water. Makes 30 to 40 punchfuls.

For sets dropping in for supper 7 to 9, you might plan a sandwich buffet with a supply of not-too-heavy sandwiches made in advance. And for those who like take their own, provide the sops: sliced breads of various kinds; butter, margarine, mayonnaise, chut-

ne sliced turkey, tongue or ham; sliced tomatoes; lettuce; and a choice of spreads, such as snappy cheese-nut, anchovy-cheese, peanut butter-bacon, or devilled-ham cream cheese. Keep coffee and tea brewing.

Be sure there is plenty of ice cream in the food freezer, and that the cookie jar is brimming over.

Sit-Down Christmas Supper
Frosted Raspberry Goblet
Open Turkey Club Sandwiches
Frosted Salad
Stuffed Fruit
Toasted Nut Bowl
Lighted Christmas Cakes
The Christmas cakes make a glamorous table decoration. On a big silver paper dolly-covered tray, put a large round cake with plain white icing and a decoration of holly berries and leaves made of red candles and citron. Plant a tall red candle in the centre of the cake. Surround with small candles and light all the candles.
Frosted Raspberry Goblet
In a big cocktail shaker com-

bine 1 pt. sieved thawed frozen raspberries, the juice of 3 lemons, 1 pt. charged water and 1 pt. raspberry sherbet. Shake vigorously and serve in small goblets.

There is one special Christmas meal most people seem to forget: Supper for children up to 6 years of age. Children are always highly excited all day Christmas, and it's a kindness to them (and their parents) to provide a simple supper of familiar foods at the accustomed time. No more Christmas goodies or candies until next day—then early to bed.

Yes, might serve crisp cereal and milk, banana butter, which, served with milk, or scrambled eggs, fruit and butter, served with milk, or scrambled eggs, fruit and butter, served with milk.

Think of the Chef
Top open turkey sandwiches with hot cheese sauce from the chafin dish. Extraordinary!

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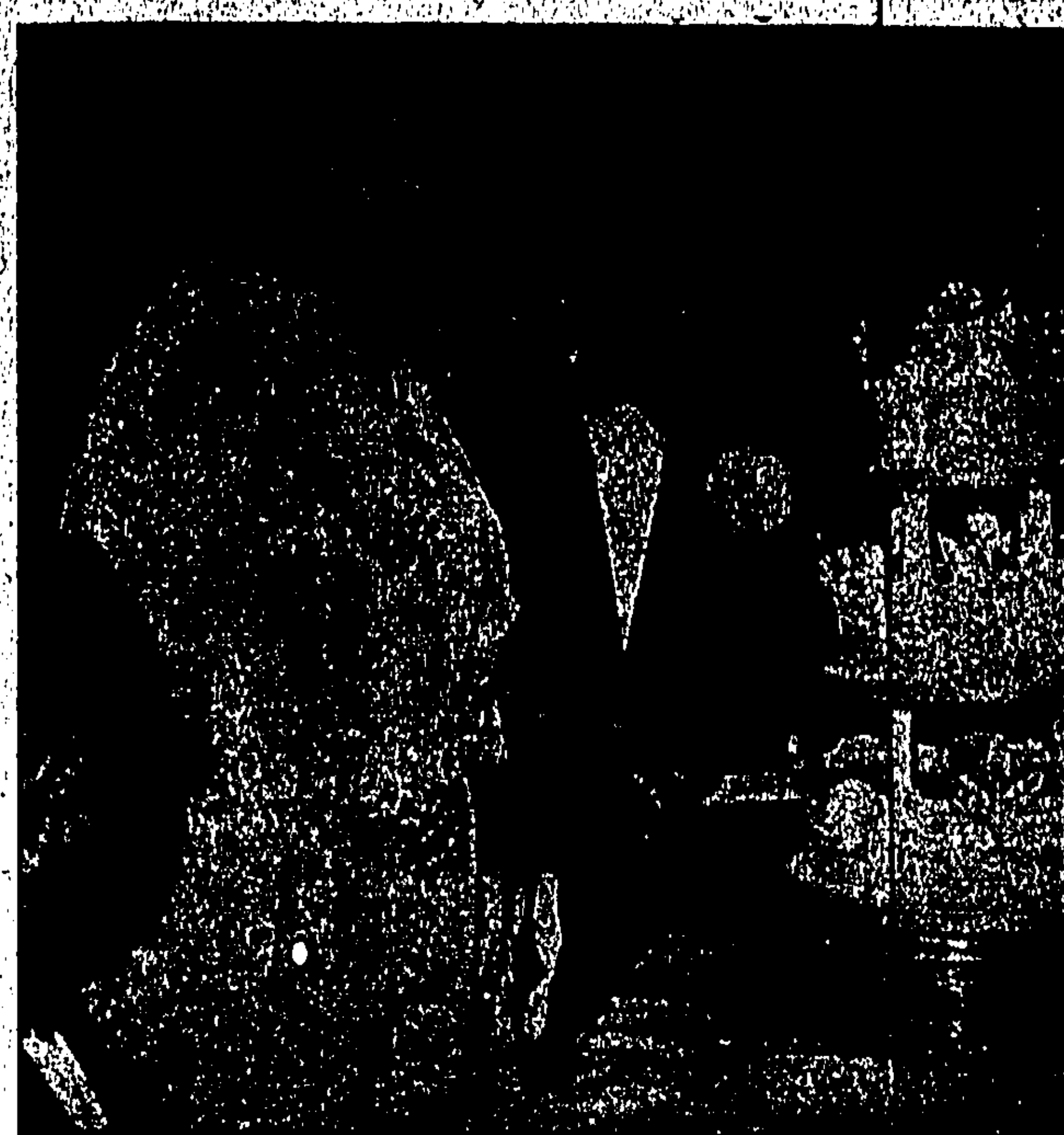
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MR C. L. Hsu, President of the Lions Club of Hongkong, cutting the 35th birthday cake at the Charter Night dinner held at the Winner Palace. Right: The roll call of new members. (Staff Photographer)



THE Queen's College Choir performing at the annual speech day, at which the Hon. John Kowick distributed prizes. (Staff Photographer)

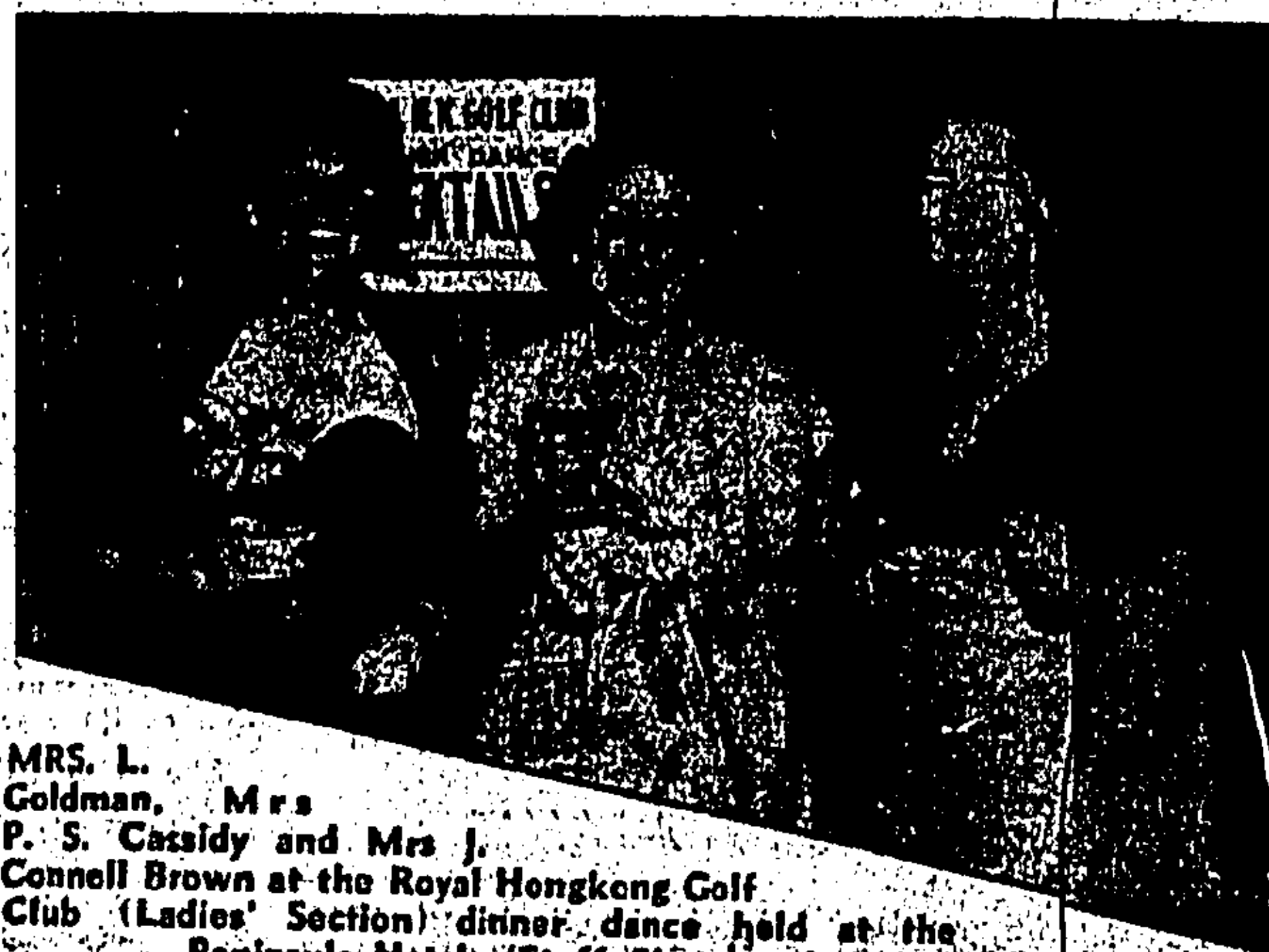


MR and Mrs G. D. Meloni cutting the cake at their silver wedding celebration at the Ritz last Saturday. Over 200 guests were present to offer their felicitations. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr Leung Lun-chak and Miss Mary Lam, whose wedding took place on Monday at the Hongkong Baptist Church. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr Kwan Yee-pang, owner of Golden Branch, which won the Hongkong St Lager last Saturday, holding the trophy. Others are, from left: Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, Mr D. Benson, Mrs S. N. Chau and Mr W. K. Shieh, the successful jockey. (Staff Photographer)



MRS. L. Goldman, Mrs P. S. Cassidy and Mrs J. Connell Brown at the Royal Hongkong Golf Club (Ladies' Section) dinner dance held at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr W. Ma (left) and Mr K. M. Yam (right) leaders of the Manila trade delegation to Hongkong, were hosts at dinner to Hongkong manufacturers last Saturday. They are seen with Mr Haking Wong. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. C. Blaker, Honorary Colonel of the Hongkong Regiment, meets the Malayan Indian hockey players who played in a friendly game with the Regiment last week. The visitors won 2-0. (Staff Photographer)

A scene from the Marian Ballet, presented by pupils of Mrs Hilda Noronha at the Princess Theatre on Tuesday. The ballet, presented together with a children's fashion show, was to raise funds for the Hongkong Sea School. (Staff Photographer)



Wish All A Very Merry Xmas

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As in former years, the Choir of St. John's Church sang a hymn to the Virgin Mary on Thursday evening to sing carols for the Christmas season. (Staff Photographer)

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MR. P. S. Cassidy, who was for many years on the Committee of the Diocesan Boys' School and who has just returned to Hongkong for a holiday, was fated at dinner by old boys of the School at the China Restaurant. From left: Mr. Cassidy, Mr. E. S. Cunningham, the Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt. Rev. R. O. Hall, Mr. B. Pasco, President of the Old Boys' Association, and Mr. Tang Yau-ting. (Staff Photographer).



SIR Henry Turner (left), General Secretary of the Commonwealth Press Union, was entertained by members of the Newspaper Society of Hongkong at a cocktail party on Tuesday. Sir Henry has come from Australia where he attended the Commonwealth Press Conference. With him are Mr. Shum Wai-yau (centre), Chairman of the Society, and Mr. H. Ching, Editor of the South China Morning Post. (Staff Photographer).



THE Rev. Bro. L. M. B. Cassian, Sub-Director of La Salle College, was entertained to dinner on Tuesday by the Matriculation Class on the eve of his departure for Europe on leave. He is seen speaking at the dinner, at which he received a bon voyage gift from the boys. (Staff Photographer)



CHILDREN enjoying a game at the Christmas party held at the European YMCA, Kowloon. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: An Indian dance by Sajini Motwani and Mohinder Kaur, one of the many items of entertainment presented at the annual children's party of the Ellis Kadoorie A.M. School Guardians' Teachers' Association. (Staff Photographer)



SCENE from the Wah Yan College's production of Shakespeare's "The Tempest," which won the Hongkong Stage Club's challenge shield at the annual Schools' Drama Festival. Right: Chan Wai-ho, who played Ariel, receiving a prize from Mr. E. O'Neil Shaw for being the best actor in the Festival. (Staff Photographer)

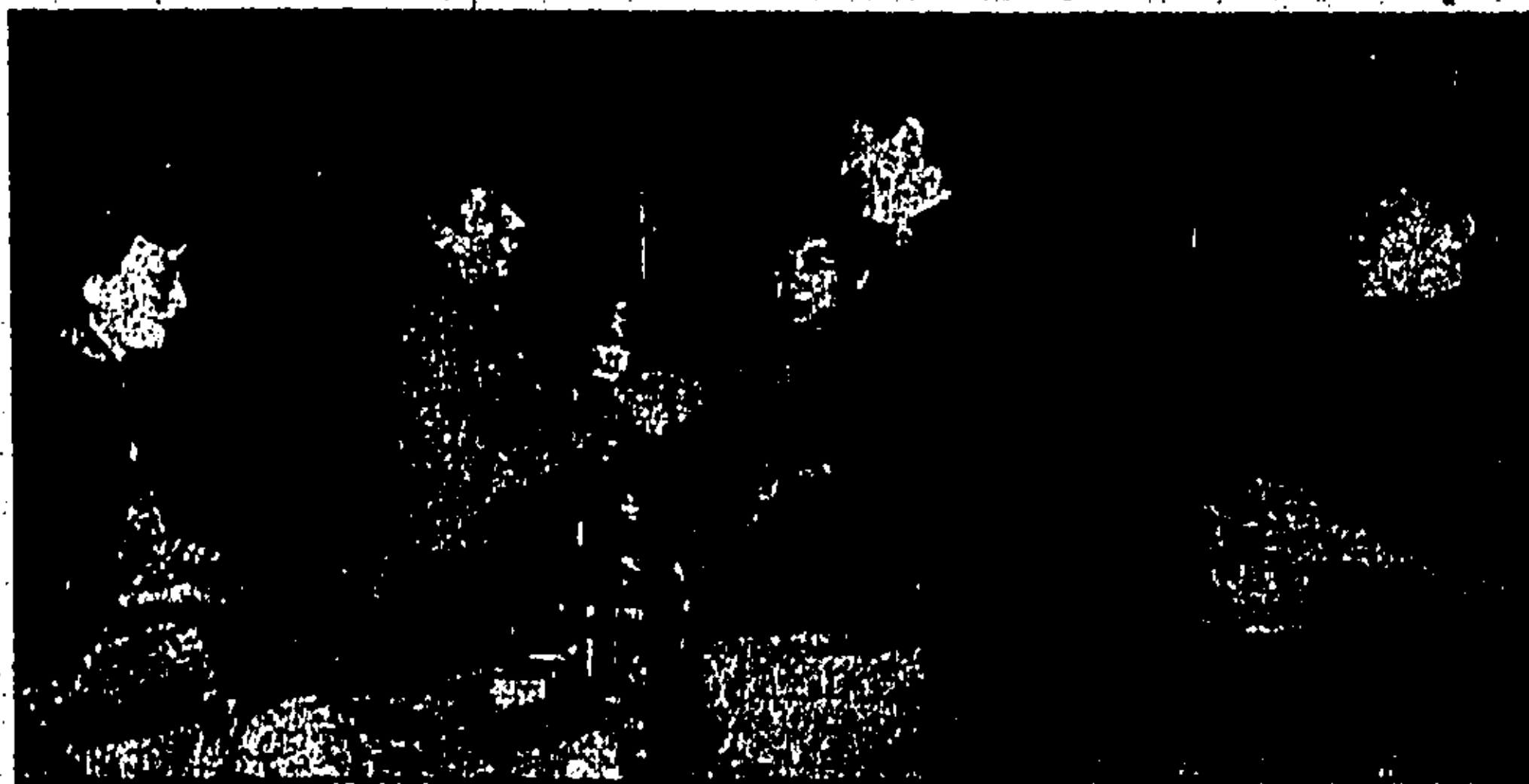


AT the annual ball of the St John's University Alumni Association, held at the Ritz. From right: Mr and Mrs William Choy, Dr D. Y. Lee, President of the Association, and Professor and Mrs J. H. Pott. (Staff Photographer)



AT a farewell party given by the Endeavourers in honour of Mr. Patrick Wong Kwong-man (fifth from left, front row), who is going to England to study recent development of welfare organisations at the invitation of the British Council. Mr Wong is an Assistant Community Development Officer with the Social Welfare Office. (Mayfair)

BELOW: A snapshot taken at the Christmas party held at the Kowloon Junior School last week. (Staff Photographer)



MADAME J. L. Morin, wife of the Manager of the Banque d'Indo-Chine, presenting a prize to Mrs Samuel Shiu at the annual dinner of the Banquet Cercle Sportif, which took place at the Ying King Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)

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SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER ANSWERS MR J. SMITH

COURTESY IS NOT DEAD, BUT THERE ARE BAD INFLUENCES

SOMEWHERE in Britain there is a citizen named J. Smith. Beyond that I cannot identify him because in the letter he sent to an editor he failed to give his address. Here is most of the letter:

"Why Britain is where she is today, I heard someone from abroad say, is because of the complete lack of service. There is not one section of the community that tries to please another. Workmen, shops, railways, cafes, everything. With the exception of the Royal Family and possible the Police."

All right, Mr Smith! Your letter is not only topical, it contains a challenge. But first we must deal with your foreign friend.

If I were a woman I would hate to be his wife. To say that there is not one section of the community that tries to please another is baldness. The newspaper seller thanks you for your twopenny, the bus conductor (sometimes) thanks you for your half-crown as he gives the change, the pedestrian is friendly and proud if a foreigner asks the way to Westminster Abbey.

Now is this courtesy confined to the metropolis. Even though there is undoubtedly a decline in good manners, the British people have not really changed.

Then can we claim that all is for the best in the best of all countries? Unhappily—no. The character of this island race has not altered in its fundamentals, but there are bad influences at work. And one of the worst is the gospel that a man who does an honest day's work is a mug.

The biggest menace to industry today is the shop steward, and that fact is not less true because some of the shop stewards are sensible men. Nor am I stating this merely from hearsay. Early in the latter war I was appointed Controller of Aircraft Factory Co-operation. The battle of Britain had begun and the fate of this country depended on our aircraft, our aeroplanes and the workers in the factories. Never in the long story of Great Britain was there a battle of such terrible significance. That little band of airmen flew into battle, giving their

youth that Britain might live. In the aircraft factories the men and women were working twelve hours a day or twelve hours a night seven days a week.

In the Aircraft Ministry we knew that the strain was inhuman and could not last indefinitely, but my task was to exhort the men and women to work to the point of absolute exhaustion. And their response was magnificent.

But as the battle intensified we became conscious that there were trouble-makers in the factories. The older union officials were magnificent, but the trouble-makers were a sort of guerrilla movement called "shop stewards".

They had the gift of the gab—no one could deny that. Many of them were Communists, well trained in the art of seducing decent workers. Russia was not in the war at that time, and therefore we were fighting merely to preserve Capitalism. In Russia or Germany such men would have been shot, but in Britain we allowed them to do their dirty work because, as a nation, we believe in liberty.

Thus there developed within the trade union movement a guerrilla movement. These fellows could talk the check round and they advanced in influence and power while the workers toiled and the airmen, the sailors and the soldiers went to their death.

I do not claim that all shop stewards at that time were traitors. But I do claim that many near-traitors were shop stewards.

Now let us come to things as they are today. The trade union movement has advanced in power and prestige until it takes its place with the Throne, the Church, Parliament, the Courts and the Press as an estate of the Realm.

But the guerrillas have also grown in power, and thus the Communists secured control of the small Electricians' Union and were able, single-handed, to bring about the newspaper strike, which did untold damage to the newspapers and their employees as well as to the little people who make their livelihood from selling newspapers.

In fact, the unofficial strike is now the darkest shadow upon industrial relations. The decent, honest workman is helpless. He is little more than a pawn in a dirty game.

But why should a man who creates a successful business become rich? The answer is a simple one. He built something that did not exist before. If he is an exporter he brings valuable foreign currency to this country, and in the process he gives work to hundreds or thousands of people.

Do you want the State to take over his business and have it run by Government-appointed officials? The answer is obvious. No nationalised industry could compete with the privately owned industries of America, West Germany and France.

So why denounce the man who creates work for thousands of people and strengthens the economy of the country? He cannot eat more than three meals a day. He cannot ride in more than one motor car at a time. He cannot sleep more than eight hours out of the twenty-four, if that long. An army in the field might as well refuse to have a commander, as an industry without a managing director and chairman.

From the nature of the life I lead it is impossible not to meet and know a lot of successful financiers and industrialists, and I would not exchange my life for theirs at any price. They are not only competing with each other but with the whole world.

Think how the bankers of Britain have served us as a people. Think how the insurance companies have strengthened our economy and made it possible for us to ensure the well-being of our dependants. That historic square mile called the City of London does endless service to the nation.

Let us face reality. Equality among men is just as impossible as equality among horses. And when the noble army of mugs try to pick the winner of the 250, do they eschew the well-bred horse and plunk their money on one whose sire was a near relation to a mule?

Look to your leadership! That should be the cry of the people in every country. Look to your minorities in science, education, medicine and industry—for your leadership will nearly always come from the minority. But also look to the education and training of youth so that the ruling minorities will be able to draw ability to their ranks.

America has not a great deal to teach us, but there is one thing about their psychology that I much admire. They love success. They love to see a man rise by his own efforts to power or wealth. Perhaps that is why the relations between workers

and employers are better than ours. To a much greater extent than ourselves the Americans have workers' committees that meet the management in order to increase efficiency and, thereby, to increase profits. In fact, the element of co-partnership in America has done much to help production.

Yet if I could double my earnings by living in America I would still choose to remain here. To me there is no country in the world where one can have so full a life as in this island kingdom.

I did not know a living soul when I came here on disembarkation leave in the first war. But Mr Pickwick and Sam Weller were my companions and I walked with Shakespeare on the South Bank. The winding country lanes, the good company of the pub, the rolling hills with a church steeply outlined against the sky, the gentleness of it all—the greatness of it all—it went to my head like strong wine.

Can we not recover something of the selflessness and comradeship that softened the harsh cruelty of war? Courtesy has nothing to do with obsequiousness. Rather it is the flowering of the spirit. Can we not borrow the rallying cry of the Three Musketeers—"one for all and all for one?"

Before you wallow in self-sympathy why not count your

blessings one by one? Before you start off for work why not say to yourself that you will make no one's day harder because you have passed that way?

The foreigner, whom J. Smith mentioned in the letter which prompted this article, goes much too far in his denunciation. There are disgraceful people in every country but to denounce an entire society, as he did, is to cross the frontier of gross stupidity. Nevertheless, we should be grateful to him. He has reminded us that a nation is as decent and honourable and as the people who live in it—no more and no less.

Therefore, let us look to our manners and to our hearts. Let us do an honest day's work and be glad that there is work to do. And let us by self-discipline try to equip our minds so that we shall be of service to our employers, to the community in which we live and to the nation that gives us citizenship.

So there you are, Mr Smith. I am sorry that your foreign friend found so little to like and admire in Britain but I have a feeling that even in his own country he would hardly be the life of the party.

At any rate he has given us food for thought—and that is not a bad thing for a nation that normally confines its excitement to a horse race or a football match.

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Most Beautiful Girl In Opera

By TREVOR GEE

FOR the last month Pilar Lorengar, the 25-year-old Spanish soprano, has been leading a double life. Twice a week she flew from Brussels, where she has been singing the title part in Verdi's "La Traviata" in Italian, to learn the same part in English for her debut at Covent Garden.

"English is not so easy," she admitted when I met her, "but I learn fast." Where singing is concerned she has learned very fast indeed.

It is only five years since she began to study seriously. Now, with a three-year contract from American impresario Sol Hurok in her pocket, she is well on the way to the top.

Good looks and a vivacious personality have helped, too. The days are quickly passing when operatic heroines looked as though they had been created to commemorate something.

Pilar has already been called "the most beautiful opera singer in the world." With her chestnut hair, hazel eyes, almond-blossom skin and good figure, I should say that is not far short of the truth.

Mountain maid

In a dark brown, fan-pleated silk dress, with a bright pink flower-pot hat and fur coat, she looked like a strawberry-cream chocolate in its crinkly wrapping. Not at all "typically Spanish" as we think of it, although she was born in Saragossa—an inland town among the barren mountains of Aragon in north-east Spain.

The land there is icy in winter and cloddy like a fur-

nace floor in the short summer. Water is as rare—and as valuable—as a precious jewel.

Probably that is why Pilar loves the sea—"I like to hear the waves and to feel the water."

Her home now is in Madrid. Was there any musical tradition in the family? She shook her head: "No; my mother had what you call—a nice voice, nothing more. My father and brother—nothing." As a child Pilar was always singing.

Later she started getting parts in "Zoraguel" — the light-hearted type of Spanish comic opera. She attracted the notice of the singing professor at the Madrid Conservatoire, who persuaded her to train more seriously.

Then—triumph

Two years ago she won the Grand Prix for singing at the Conservatoire. Following her appearance at a concert given in Madrid by Spain's leading orchestra, she went to Italy to sing Mimi in "La Bohème" and Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust."

I have heard her sing at the Aix-en-Provence Festival last July, where she sang Cherubino—the lovesick page in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Though her charm was too much for the boyish make-up, her clear, fresh voice sparkled like an extra fountain in that city of fountains.

A triumph at Brussels in her favourite part of "La Traviata" was the next step. Six appearances at Covent Garden between now and Christmas, and then she is off next year to America to sing at the Metropolitan, New York, and to appear on TV and radio.

And away from the opera house? "I look for beauty and art," said Pilar. Beautiful clothes—"always I buy more

THE DIVA

than I can better afford—then I sing better and better to pay the bills."

Beautiful paintings—"I gaze at them for hours."

Between rehearsals she has spent so much time at our National Gallery that she has seen little else of London yet. Loyally she names the Spanish painters Goya and El Greco as her favourites, but said, too, that she would really like to own a Murillo or a Picasso.

Meanwhile she collects miniatures. Domestically, Pilar is not much of an asset. If she marries, her husband must not expect her to cook his meals and wash his slippers. She bores house-hold chores, and is terrified of the kitchen.

"Once I cooked some fried potatoes," she told me. "I drop them into a pan from a safe distance"—stretching out her arms as far as it would go—"but they spit so much I am scared, so I go for someone else to get them out."

Gershwin, too....

After that—no more cooking. I asked her one last question—whether she sang only operatic music, or if she liked popular music as well. "Of course I like it," she said, "when it is good quality. Like this...."

And there, with a handful of hotel guests and staff listening, she sang Gershwin's "Summertime" to me before I went out. (COPYRIGHT)

MR LITTLE FIGHTS SMOKING WITH LIMERICKS...

I SCRUBBED my fingers briskly with pumice stone, popped a mint into my mouth, buttoned my cigarettes carefully into my hip pocket and set out for Herne Hill.

These precautions were very necessary as I was about to meet the Rev. H. V. Little who as secretary of the National Society of Non-Smokers, has declared war on all tobacco addicts.

At Victoria Station I stopped to buy a packet of fruit drops. Fruit drops, I felt, would appease those tickles at the back of the throat.

My precautions proved largely superfluous. Far from being a formidable customer, the Rev. Hubert Little proved to be a mild man in his sixties who believes in wooing the unconverted with limericks rather than bludgeoning them with threats.

The text

Inside his home—one of those large, lumbering houses which seem to bear on their creaking shoulders all London's worries—Mr Little showed me the text of an advertisement he is considering exhibiting on

says
WOOD GERALD

boardings all over the country.

It reads: There was a young man of some learning Who for smoking had always a yearning, Until one day he awoke And said: "This is no joke, I am spending as fast as I'm earning."

Mr Little, Mrs Little and I all laughed, and I passed round the fruit-drops. We were sitting in a room in which huge pieces of Victorian furniture hung around the walls like cumbersome vines and the plush upholstery on the chairs absorbed rather than cushioned. I decided to make a clean breast of it and said: "I am an inveterate smoker. . . ."

Mr Little passed me a pamphlet from a pile at his elbow. It was entitled, "A Pamphlet Addressed to Youth." I felt suitably flattered.

At my request he summed up the attitude of the society to the smoking world at large. "Smokers have taken upon themselves the right to poison the pure air," he said, "the atmosphere of restaurants, cinemas, telephone kiosks and sports stadiums. They spray ash over other people, they drop their lit-ends on your carpets and leave them in your smocks. They do all these things at a right. The rights of the non-smokers are not considered at all."

And what does the society (membership 5,000) propose to do about it? "We aim to have smoking prohibited in all public halls and buildings, vehicles and places of entertainment," said Mr Little, passing me another pamphlet. Mrs Little passed me a cup of tea.

Remembering several dismal failures on my own account, I reminded Mr Little that giving up smoking is a painful and protracted business. The society, however, is ready to send Non-Smokers Anonymous to the aid of any struggling convert.

The National Society of Non-Smokers is no armchair body. It is active in the immediate eradication of the non-smokers' rights.

He moved

Mr Little proudly showed me a despatch freshly arrived from Scotland announcing the banning of smoking in a restaurant. He told me gleefully of a lady member at present rousting British Railways for insufficient vigilance in preventing smoking in non-smoking compartments.

Said Mr Little: "When a man smoked in my third-class non-smoking compartment recently I moved to a first-class carriage. When a ticket collector came I said he must eject the smoker or I would not budge." He reported to me mild brushes with smokers everywhere. But if being a vigilant anti-tobacco enthusiast has its dangers, it also has its embarrassments. "On a holiday at Bourne-mouth," he said, "I won first prize in a find-the-time quiz. The prize turned out to be a box of a brandy cigarette."

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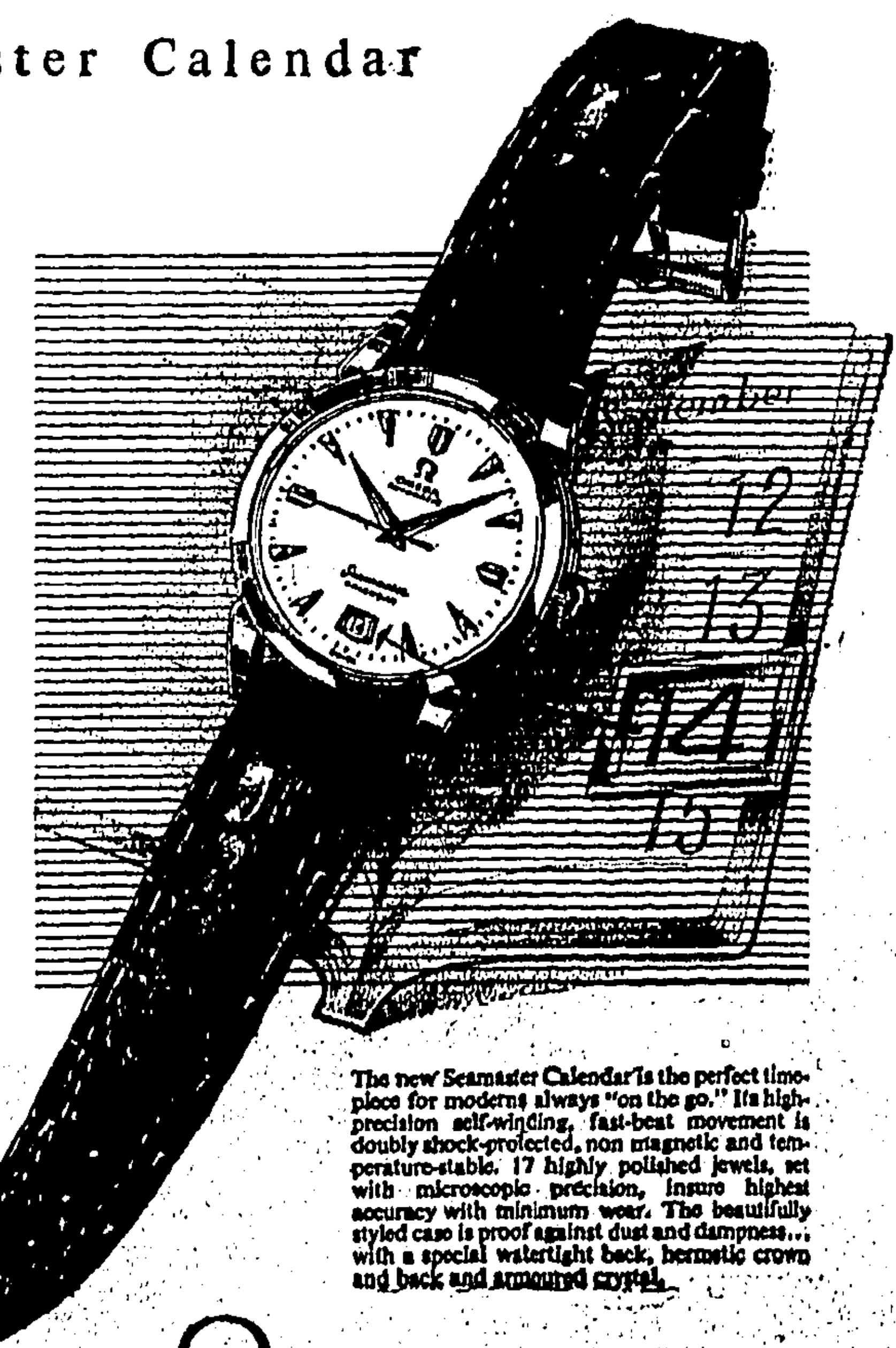
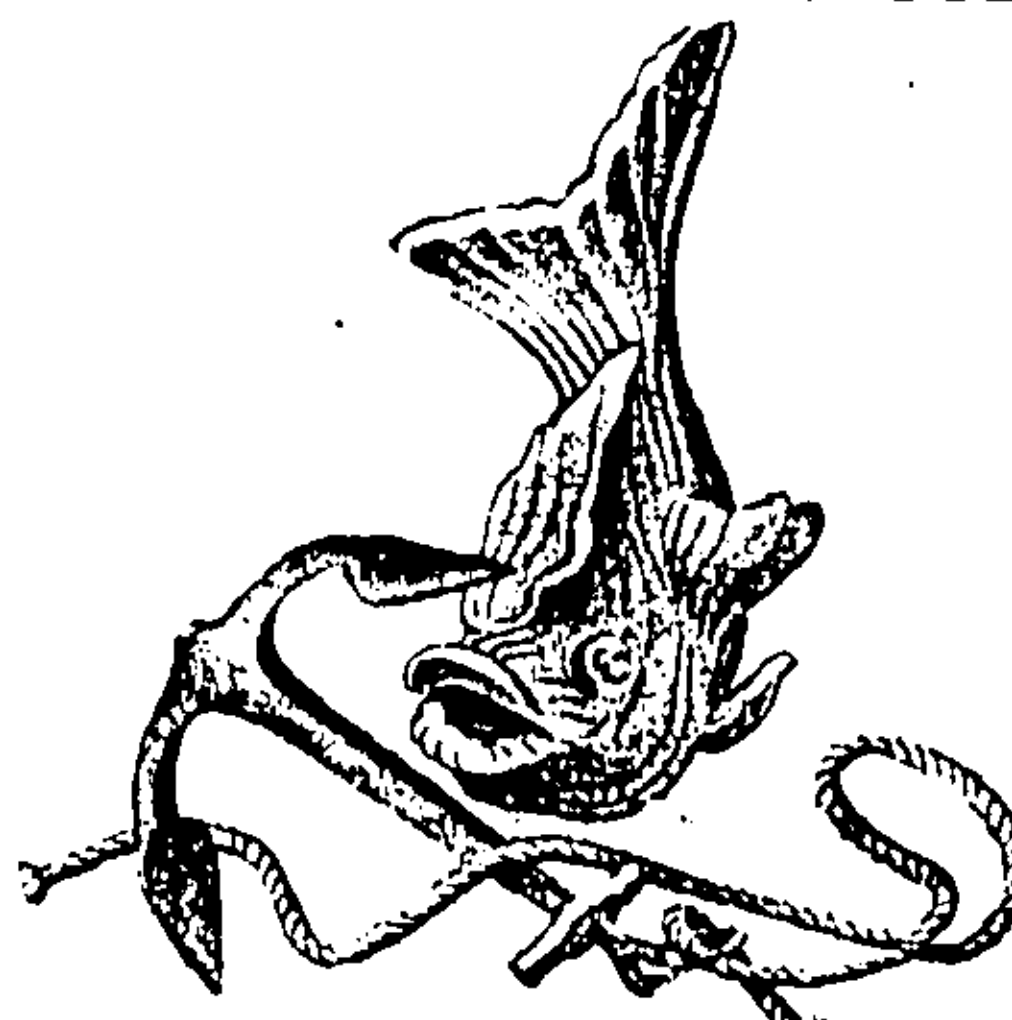
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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Queen's Message Tomorrow

Since His Majesty King George V made his first Christmas broadcast, the highlight of Christmas Radio all over the British Commonwealth and Empire has been the sovereign's Christmas message. At eleven o'clock on Christmas Day, Radio Hongkong will be relaying Her Majesty the Queen's Christmas message to her peoples from her home in Sandringham.

For the holiday period, Christmas Day, Boxing Day, and on Tuesday, Radio Hongkong will be on the air all day. The Christmas programmes abound with good cheer, and there should be something to suit everyone's taste. Here are some of the offerings for the Holidays:

The tradition of performing the story of the birth of Our Lord as a play is almost as old as the story itself, and even in so comparatively new a medium as Radio, no Christmas Eve of broadcasting would be complete without a nativity play. This evening, listeners may hear "An Evening at the Inn", which was especially written for radio by Derek Llewellyn Jones.

The cast includes Peter Plumley as Joseph, John Wallace and David Lytle as two shepherds, and Audrey Mendes as the Innkeeper's wife. Production is by Timothy Birch.

A Christmas message by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury will be broadcast at 8.30 this evening, from the BBC.

CHRISTMAS DAY

"Did you hear about the plot to overthrow Christmas? No. Well, gather ye now from Maine to the isthmus of Panama, and listen to the story of the uttering of some gory goings-on in Hell."

So begins the lighthearted radio farce for Christmas by Norman Corwin which can be heard at 8.30. Norman Corwin, probably the biggest name in American radio, has always been conscious of the fact that the one advantage radio has over other mediums of dramatic entertainment is its ability to create unlikely and even impossible scenes and situations, and so it is that the setting for the opening of "The Plot to Overthrow Christmas" is Hell itself.

The legions of damned souls assemble at a mass meeting under the chairmanship of Mephisto, and upset by the loss of face that Evil suffers every Christmas because of the Good Will that prevails among mankind, they decide to do something about it.

Various suggestions are put forward, but it is Lucius Borgias' suggestion that Santa Claus should be assassinated which is finally accepted. The play was first broadcast in the United States of America in 1938, and this year the plot has been hatched by Radio Hongkong using a cast of well known local players, including Peter Plumley, Reggie Granville, Alex Borrie and Audrey Mendes, and violinist Moya Rae.

At 10.30 on Christmas morning you are invited to join a conducted tour of HMS "Newfoundland", a cruiser of the Far East Fleet, in harbour for Christmas. Your guide will be the Rev. John Marks, RN, the ship's chaplain, and he will introduce officers and men of the ship's company. Between them they will build up a picture of how men of the Royal Navy spend "Christmas on Board." The programme will include carols by the ship's choir conducted by Lt. G. Y. Temple, RN.

BOXING DAY

For the children - at five o'clock - "Peter Pan" - Sir James Barrie's famous play about the boy who wouldn't grow up.

At 7.30 comes Radio Hongkong's Christmas Party. Recorded in a party atmosphere, the programme shows some unusual aspects of various well known local radio personalities and has a few sly digs at some of the locally produced programmes.

Listeners who have enjoyed Maurice Clare's two recitals at Wah Yan College recently, will be pleased to hear that they can listen to a half-hour recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong at half past nine.

Maurice Clare will be accompanied by Maria Zalan at the piano.

"Off the Beaten Track" at nine o'clock brings on the air two well known radio voices, and a good deal of little known words and music ranging from Kipling to Eliot, and from Berlioz to Jimmy Boyd.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second.)

Today

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.

7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.

7.10 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.20 TOP OF THE MORN.

7.45 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & DIARY FOR TODAY.

8.10 SWEET AND SWING.

9.00 CLOSE DOWN.

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, JOHN HODDY'S RAGTIME PIANO.

With rhythm accompaniment.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 MASTER OF MELODY. Sidney Torch and his orchestra.

The music of Leslie Stuart. Presented by Jean.

1.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM. With the Thompson and his orchestra.

3.30 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Frank Kilshaw.

4.00 RELIABLE FOOTBALL. Called all units.

4.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Army v. Kowloon Motor Bus.

Commentary from Caroline Hill.

5.15 BOSTON BOYS ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Arthur Fiedler.

1st movement from "Symphony No. 8 in B minor" (Unfinished) (Schubert).

Concerto No. 1 in B flat major, Op. 23 (Chopin) - with Jean Marie (Soprano) (Piano) (Finlandia) (Sibelius).

Excerpts from "Les Sylphides" (Chopin); Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni).

5.45 FESTIVAL OF NINE LESSONS. From King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

6.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

7.09 COMMENTARY ON SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.15 "JUNK BOX PARADE" - Presented by Nick Kendall.

7.45 MUSIC FOR YOU - CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME. With the concert orchestra with Donald White.

Reading an extract from "A Christmas Carol".

8.15 A Christmas MESSAGE (LONDON RELAY).

By His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

8.30 AN EVENING AT THE INN. By Derek Llewellyn Jones.

A Nativity Play.

Cast: John Wallace, David Lytle, Private Marcus, Alex Borrie, Audrey Mendes, David Lytle, Joseph, Peter Plumley, Alex Borrie, and the Play produced by Timothy Birch.

8.50 TIME SIGNAL.

SUNDAY

5.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, BELLS, CHRISTMAS GREETINGS, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, WEATHER REPORT.

5.05 MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS. Conducted by Sir William McKie.

5.15 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE. From the controller of broadcasting.

5.20 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE. From the controller of broadcasting.

5.25 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE. From the controller of broadcasting.

5.30 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE. From the controller of broadcasting.

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8.50 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE. From the controller of broadcasting.

Monday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY AND MORNING REPORT.

8.05 CONTINENTAL JUNK BOX. Presented by Nick Kendall.

8.10 MORNING REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.15 PITTORESQUES. Presented by Nick Kendall.

8.20 ORCHESTRAL SUITE No. 4. Presented by Nick Kendall.

8.25 ORCHESTRAL SUITE No. 4. Presented by Nick Kendall.

8.30 ORCHESTRAL SUITE No. 4. Presented by Nick Kendall.

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9.40 ORCHESTRAL SUITE No.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary

Hong Kong, 18th Dec., 1955

With the backs given major shares of the Aransas income, it is almost certain, however, that a little to the Guadalupe flows from the

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LEARN YOUR CRICKET

ATTACKING FIELDING

TO field well you must learn not only how to stop the ball but to return it as quickly and accurately as possible. By so doing the fielder makes run-getting difficult and sometimes can get a wicket by a run-out.



Gathering the ball.

The chief principles in this attacking technique are:

(1) Be on the move towards and watching the batsman as the ball is bowled, with your body balance slightly forward and ready to accelerate in any direction.

(2) Get on to the line of the ball as quickly as possible.

(3) Get down with your body sideways and with hands down just in front of your right foot. All the weight is on this foot and the left foot is carried slightly away for natural balance.

(4) Keep your head down and watch the ball right into your hands.

In this position the body is naturally placed for the throw. Good throwing is the spearhead of attack in the field. For fast and accurate throwing you should, from the attacking position:

(1) Carry your right arm, with wrist cocked, straight back until it is in line with your right shoulder, at the same time:

(2) Throw your left hand straight towards the wicket at which you are

aiming. This acts as a rudder and is most important for control of direction.

(3) Keep your head as still as possible, with eyes fixed on the target.

(4) Aim at the wicket-keeper's head, never at the stumps.

(5) Follow through with your right arm, which at the end of the throw should be pointing down at the target.

[Taken from "Cricket—How to play," produced for the M.C.C. and published by Educational Productions Ltd.]



Aiming the throw.

Colorful! Comfortable!

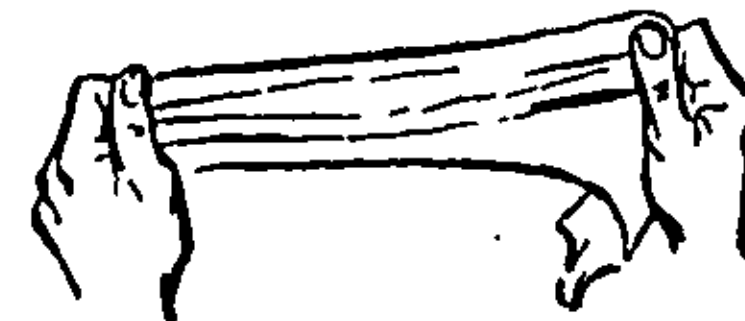
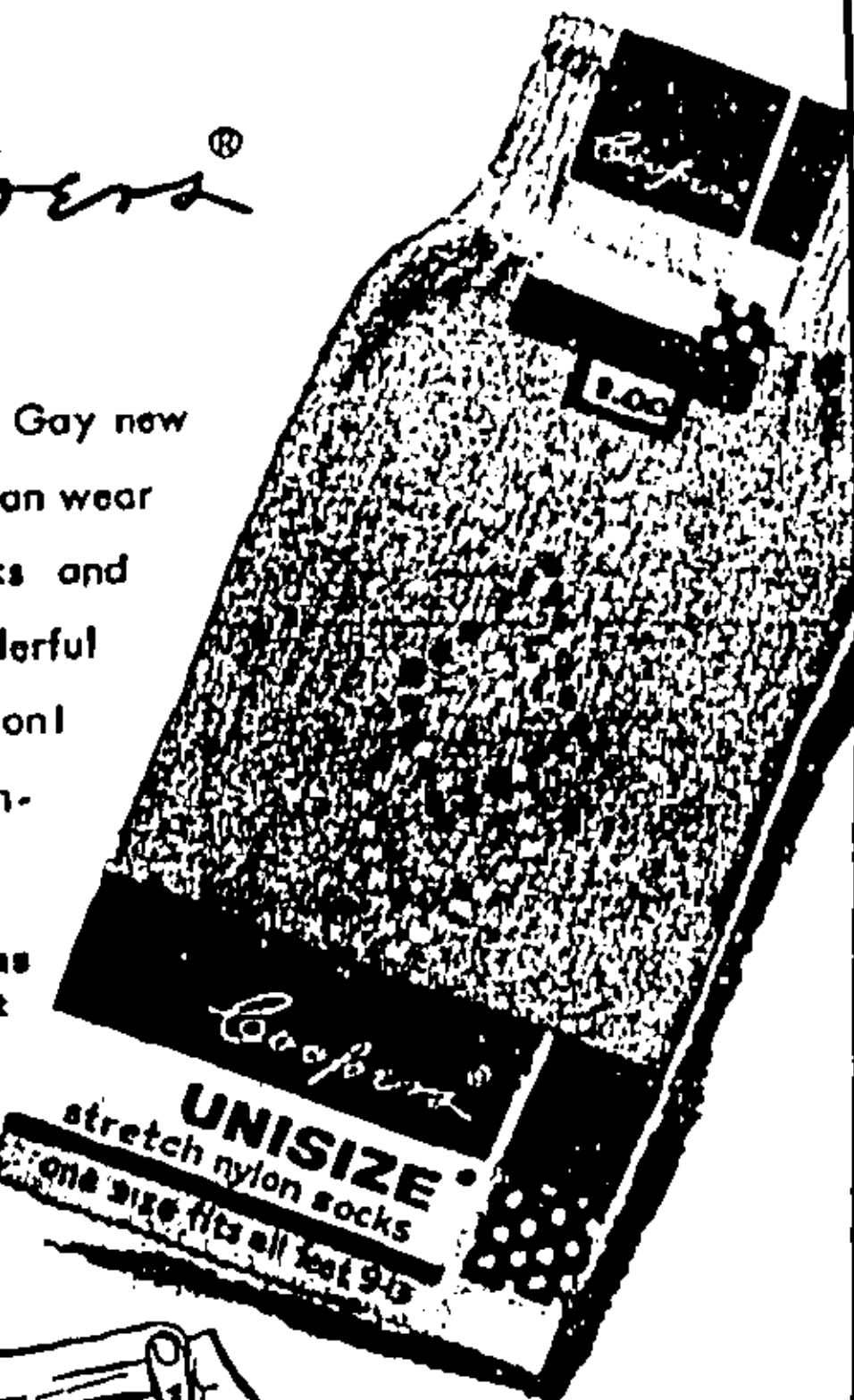
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Famous Sports Stars I Have Met
JIMMY WILDE

By ARCHIE QUICK

The prosperous looking young man who had paid several guineas for his ringside seat at the Dalhousie-Jake Tull fight scoffed in open disbelief when someone told him that the portly gentleman in the Press seats was the one and only Jimmy Wilde.

He would have found it even harder to assimilate what was an undoubted fact if he had seen the great Welshman in his active days. Then he made seven more quite comfortably; now he is more than double in weight.

"The Tylorstown Terror," "The Ghost with a Hammer in his Flute," were just two of the tags attached to the little miner of the Rhondda Valley, who, even when pounds inside the flyweight limit, had the temerity to take on Bantamweight stars of the magnitude of World Champion Pete Herman. There has never been anyone like him.

All the money he made in the ring he lost outside of it through no fault of his own. He invested it in South Wales enterprises, and was caught out by the depression. Now he is the valued observer of the boxing scene for a national newspaper. Yet he has a lively contempt for almost everything that is modern in the fast world. Boxers, managers, promoters, trainers—all of them are "not what they were in the old days," he retorts. He is shrewd in his assessment of anything clever he sees in the roped square; but generally he is bitingly critical.

"TOO SOFT"

Wilde has often told me that present-day training methods are all wrong, and that boxers are "too soft." Jimmy's idea of preparation is constant fighting, not sparring with headguards on. "Boxers have forgotten how to use their feet," he once told me. "It is the most important phase in boxing like it is in cricket. People used to say I knocked out my opponents by split-second timing rather than by heavy punching. Actually, it was because I got into the correct position with my feet that I was able to land the so-called 'timed' blows with power."

Wilde will always tell you he would never have gone into the ring against Herman at the old NSC if it had not been for the then Prince of Wales being present. Herman, as if a World Bantam title-holder did not have sufficient advantage over the wispy of a Welshman, came in sadly overweight. His surprise loss to Tancy Lee he attributes to influenza and the desire not to let the promoter down.

His defeat by Panchito Villa for the World Flyweight Championship came "after I was over the top but needed the money through business losses." His hardest fight? Against Joe Conn at Stamford Bridge. It was during World War I and as purses were illegal his reward was "a bag of diamonds." There was a greater bond between boxer and manager in those days as you realise when he speaks with affection of the late Teddy Lewis, while the only real trainer he ever had was his wife, from boxing booth days onwards.

It's A Funny Game

David McParland, Partick Thistle outside-left, is wondering what next is going to happen to him. He has just lost his first team place with Partick but has been chosen for Scotland's "Under 23" eleven.

WHEN THE CUP-TIE COMES AROUND....

EVERY PLAYER SECRETLY HOPES—THIS YEAR IT'S OUR TURN FOR WEMBLEY

Says DON REVIE

It seems only a few short weeks ago since I was walking out of the dark tunnel at Wembley into the glorious May sunshine along with my Manchester City team mates to do battle with Newcastle United for the Cup.

How quickly the months have flown since that sad Saturday for City fans, and now in the dull days of December, here we are again with the big brothers of football coming into the Cup competition.

What a wonderful thrill the Cup is for players, fans and officials. Just at the stage of the season when the first hustle of matches is over and the League is becoming the long slow grind, the Cup with its knockout thrills comes to cheer us up.

No matter how long a player has been in the game he still gets that tensed feeling in the stomach when Cup-tie time comes round. Even Roy Paul, Manchester City's Iron Welshman, who has never turned a hair playing in international or tough League matches, was as nervous as a kitten before the semi-finals last season.

OUR TURN?

You would be surprised if you could see footballers on Cup draw day. They prowl around the club offices waiting for news—believe me the fans are no more excited than the players in that respect!

Deco knows every player (particularly those in the First Division) secretly hopes that "this year it will be our turn for Wembley."

Yet who can deny that the eventual Cup winners are almost invariably in the top half of the First Division. Who do you think they are? Wolves, Charlton, Sunderland, Portsmouth, all have their supporters chanting "this year we'll win the Cup."

Personally I think the Cup will come north again. I can give you two clubs who I think have a great chance of tying at Wembley next May. They are Burnley and Bolton Wanderers. Everyone knows that jock plays a great part in reaching the Final. But Burnley must be among the fancied candidates because at the moment they have conceded only 20 goals, and have, I would say, the most compact defence in the First Division.

You generally find that the best Cup fighting teams have a first-class defence and a goal grabbing forward line. Burnley's Bantamweight forwards certainly strike hard and fast when they go for goals—that's why I think they are in for another good Cup run such as they had in 1947 when they lost in the Final to Charlton.

BOLTON THREAT

Now Bolton Wanderers. Like Wolves they are among the hardest clubs to beat on their own ground. They have a good half back line; and with Nat Lofthouse bang on form, they have an attack to be feared. Again, clubs generally have a period when they are always threatening to win the Cup. Didn't Blackpool and Newcastle United both get to Wembley three times in five years? Bolton were there in 1953. And if they get a few home ties this time I wouldn't be surprised to see them get to Wembley again.

On present form no one can ignore Matt Busby's Manchester United side as the most likely team to do that elusive double of Cup and League. They are a young fast side; always chasing the ball; morale is high after recent successes; and with the shrewd brain of Matt Busby guiding them United must always come into the Cup reckoning.

I would put Wolves on the list as well, but for some strange reason they have not been getting results away from home.

Now watch for the usual Cup upsides to suit all these theories! The glamour of the Cup gives millions the thrill of a lifetime.

My greatest Cup thrill was in 1949 when Leicester City played Luton. We led all the way like this 1-0, 1-1, 2-1, 2-2, 3-2, 3-3, 4-3, 4-4 and then into extra time when Luton led for the first time 5-4. With 30 secs to go Mel Griffiths took a corner and Jack Lee headed the equaliser to make it 5-5. We went on to beat Luton before losing to Wolves in the Final.

My saddest Cup memory.... when Jimmy Meadows turned and twisted the ligaments of his right knee in the 18th minute of the last Cup Final. When he went off, Manchester City's hopes of saving the game went with him.

AID THE REF

The big talking point these past few days has been: Do senior professionals and amateurs help referees as much as they could in the handling of a game.

My own view is that all footballers could do more to make it easier for the man with the whistle. From the playing point of view it has always been considered sound tactics to get your defence covered up before a free kick can be taken.

Yet often the methods employed spoil the game as a spectacle. It is unnecessary for footballers to kick the ball high into the stands to waste time when a little flick into touch would serve the purpose of stopping an opposing attack. It is unnecessary for players to stand over the ball instead of moving the required ten yards distance. And it is unnecessary for goalkeepers to waste time in taking goal kicks.

Results count in Soccer, and it can be argued that devious tactics always were part of the game. Yet have we not now reached the stage where Soccer passes every spectator, and there are many people fed up with the amount of time wasted in League matches?

One of the great features of good captains like Joe Mercer, Johnny Carey, Harry Johnson (all of them now managers) was the way they helped the referee to stand over the ball on their own men. Billy Wright continues this tradition.

And in the case of the Moscow Dynamos they set an example because the only man they allow to speak to the referee is their captain. This eliminates the flurry of activity we sometimes see in Britain with protesting players clustered round the referee.

DISCRETION

Of course he can wave them all away—but why should he be bothered at all? The captain is the man to make the official protest to the ref.

Referees have a great deal of power and discretion which they can use on the field. But it is always possible in Soccer—as in industry—to go slow.

At the moment we are at the stage where a player is applauded if he runs and fetches the ball for an opponent. Yes, I



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SHEAFFERS

SKIP

Page 20

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

The Sad Girls

HAROLD felt exceptionally well pleased with life, and it seemed to him, as he sailed along the Strand, on his way to a theatre, that only one thing marred his mood of exaltation—the faces of those who passed him by in the street. The faces of the girls he saw, in particular, were gloomy, and gloom and weebegone, most of them looked. True, for most of them, a long English winter was beginning, while he, within a few days, would be heading towards the sunshine of his native South Africa. But still, it was surely a crime for pretty girls to ruin their looks with pouts and frowns as many of these were doing.

A BIT OF FUN

HAROLD decided to do what he could to brighten up life for the sad-looking girls. He picked upon a pretty one who was staring despondently into a shop-window. He addressed to her a string of exquisite compliments. But he did it in Afrikaans, and the girl failed to catch the gist of what he was saying. She fled. So did several others whom Harold, similarly accosted.

All the time, a policeman was watching. As the girls scattered the officer approached Harold. "What are you doing?" Harold asked. "Having a bit of fun," Harold said frankly.

CAREFREE

THE policeman told him to go away, and Harold did, marching up to another girl. He had hardly begun his set speech in Afrikaans, when the policeman arrested him for being drunk and disorderly. At Bow Street next day, Harold pleaded not guilty to that charge before Mr. Bertram Reece. The policeman told his story. "Tell me," Harold asked him, "did I try to resist you at all?" "Oh no, sir, you were very courteous," answered the policeman.

JUST A COUPLE

"YOU haven't told me what made you think he was drunk and disorderly," the magistrate reminded. "Well, sir, he wasn't drunk and incapable, but when I went up to him I noticed that his breath smelt, and he was a little unsteady on his feet."

"You only noticed that when you went up to him?" "Yes, sir."

Harold went into the witness box. He told of the ticket for his homeland he had just received; of his happiness. "What had you had to drink?" asked Mr. Reece, the learned clerk.

"Oh, just a couple of beers."

A WAR DANCE

"PINTS, or quarts, or what?" "Well, say five beers."

"Perhaps the South African 'couple' varies from ours," the magistrate said. "It means 'five,' evidently."

"No, I had three beers at lunch-time, and two in the evening," Harold said. "I was feeling full of spirit, so I spoke to these girls in Afrikaans. They looked at me as if I had been a South African barbarian. I almost did a Zulu war dance for them."

"You realise now, no doubt, that this is a somewhat hazardous form of fun," said the magistrate.

"I do," Harold answered with feeling. "Well, you behaved in a very extraordinary manner," said the magistrate, "and the officer was entirely justified in taking the action he did. But I think in all the circumstances, the charge is not made out. Case dismissed."

"Thank you, sir," Harold said, and he took his leave as gravely as a native of these islands might, for whom an English winter lay ahead.

Red Accepts Challenge To Debate

Paris, Dec. 23. Communist leader Jacques Duclos tonight accepted a challenge to a political debate issued by the Radical-Socialist leader, M. Pierre Mendes-France.

In a letter to M. Mendes-France, the Communist leader took up the challenge with the terse phrase: "I will be present."

Earlier this evening the Independents refused the contest on M. Mendes-France's terms but said they were ready to take part in a "loyal and objective" debate, organised by all parties.

The challenge was issued on Thursday night when M. Mendes-France invited the Independent leader, Antoine Pinay, the MRP (Catholic) leader, M. Georges Bidault, and M. Jacques Duclos to attend a big Radical-Socialist meeting next Tuesday night in Paris. M. Mendes-France said that if they attended they could reply to the speech he plans to deliver.—France-Press.

Was Prison Warden Master Imposter?

Huntsville, Texas, Dec. 23. Texas prison officials are convinced they are the latest to be duped by master imposter Ferdinand Waldo Demara.

O. B. Ellis, state prison system manager, said an assistant warden known as "Dr. Benjamin W. Jones" left in a huff on Wednesday night after being confronted with magazine photos of Demara, to whom "Jones" bore a marked resemblance.

"I'm not going to stay around here and be insulted by Jones," he said, and stalked out. He hasn't been back. Since then, Ellis has found clothing left behind by Jones bearing laundry marked "Demara."

"This is the clincher," Ellis said, "though there hasn't been a doubt in my mind since I saw his picture."

Performed Operation
An unidentified convict first called attention to the resemblance after seeing stories about Demara in a national magazine, which said Demara had performed an extraordinary lung

operation during combat in Korea while posing as a surgeon in the Royal Canadian Navy.

"Dr. Jones" was hired by the prison system last June 1 and was quickly promoted to assistant warden because of his skill in handling "tough" prisoners. He bolstered his application for work with imposing credentials and references.

"We have a dossier here on him equivalent to anything a bank president would require on a man whose job includes handling large amounts of money," Ellis said.—United Press.

PARATROOPER'S ORDEAL Spends Five Days In Mountains

Tacoma, Washington, Dec. 23. A plucky paratrooper and his droll Japanese wife embraced today in a warm reunion—a Christmastime kiss made possible through the sheer courage of a man who refused to die in the frigid mountain wilderness.

It was a happy ending to a story that started when Sgt John M. Horan of Maynard, Mass., leaped from a spinning plane last Sunday.

His wife, Teruko, and the couple's three children arrived at Madigan Army Hospital bedside at noon today. Horan was saying "How are you?" when he was smothered with kisses by his wife, who wept in joy.

Horan also heard good news from the hospital's cardiologist, Col Robert D. Dickerson, who said the paratrooper would "completely recover" from the frostbite he suffered tramping through the deep snow of the Cascade Mountains for five days.

No Loss

"He has second degree frostbite of moderate severity," Col Dickerson said, "but he will have no loss of digits and he should recover completely." Col Dickerson said he planned to have Horan "mobbing" today.

Hobbling is a word Horan knows well. He did it through the mountain snow on a pair of make-shift snowshoes until he found US Highway 10 and a roadside place called the Rustic Inn yesterday afternoon. The "nightmare" was over for Horan, who leaped from a spinning acroplane last Sunday. "I knew I couldn't stop if I was going to walk out alive."

Big Donation For Air Fund
Washington, Dec. 23. TV entertainer Arthur Godfrey has sent a \$100,000 Christmas cheque to the Air Force Aid Society to help Air Force families in need, Society officials said today.

The cheque represented Godfrey's proceeds from a series of Saturday Evening Post articles about his life. Society officials said Godfrey notified them earlier this week that he was sending the Society the cheque. The Society is a semi-official Air Force organization which provides financial aid to airman and their families and widows.—United Press.

Rediffusion
12 noon, Tune Time: 12.15 p.m., Christmas Calendar: 12.30 p.m., Christmas Special Christmas Show: 1. The Music Box featuring Julian Gould At the Celeste: 1.15 News and Weather Report: 1.30, 1.45, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 2.00, 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